

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 11, 1963 25 CENTS

**WAR AGAINST
ROUGHNESS IN
PRO FOOTBALL**



A short people-story of how Ballantine's becomes the true and good-tasting Scotch.

Photographed at Elgin, Scotland



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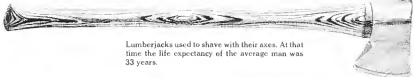
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Next week

VERMONT SKIING can mean an unadorned visit to a posh resort like Sugarbush. But for many a Vermont native it has meant release from the economic burden of hard winters.

"A CHILD'S GAME" is Bill Russell's description of basketball, one of his lesser interests. The Celtics' superb center instead gives his trenchant views on today's racial crisis.

IF WINTER COMES, can pleasures seem to be far behind? Not in some snowy states, where ardent racers can scarcely wait for the end of fall to get back to their favorite sport.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Twelve of the busiest and most distinguished men in America are named

Earl H. Blank
W. L. Lyons Brown
Austin T. Cushman
E. Roland Harriman
Leland J. Haworth
Lee A. Iacocca
Mills B. Lane Jr.
David Packard
William W. Scranton
Gardiner Symonds
Henry Pitney Van Dusen
Leslie B. Worthington

Taken together, the companies, the commonwealths and the human and divine concerns that occupy these men's thoughts (see page 66) reach into every corner of U.S. life. It is a matter of pride to me, as the Publisher of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, that each of these men has found time in recent days to perform an assignment for this magazine: judging the candidates for this year's Silver Anniversary All-America.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED enjoys as much as anybody the traditional All-America, popularized two generations ago by Walter Camp, that discovers and lauds each season's finest young college players. But it is part of this magazine's conception of purpose, also, to undertake something extra—to ask the question: How do young men who play the game of football distinguish themselves in later life? And in the course of the answer to discover and honor some *amici cum laude* Americans.

This year, for the eighth time, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** shared its question with the presidents of scores of U.S. colleges and universities. In reply from them came 71 letters of citation in behalf of 71 senior lettermen of 25 seasons ago—one to a college—describing in detail

each man's subsequent career. Verbatim copies of these citations were fitted into red-bound volumes, 12 of them, weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each.

Then began the indispensable work of Colonel Blank, Lyons Brown, Austin Cushman, Roland Harriman and their fellow judges: to ponder every citation and make up their minds from the evidence which men were the outstanding of the outstanding.

A far from easy matter. Our judges were not invited to be our judges because of their special knowledge of football, or necessarily because of their long memories of past football seasons. (Parenthetically, some of our judges can qualify on that basis. Colonel Blank was a Walter Camp All-America discovery at the Military Academy before coaching for 25 years at Dartmouth and West Point. David Packard was a Stanford letterman before he started an electronics business and eventually, also, became president of his alma mater's board of trustees. Theologian Henry Pitney Van Dusen earned his prep school letter in football—and, as it happened, in cricket too.) But what we and you can confidently accept is that our judges are judges of achievement in the American environment of the past 25 years. That is what they were asked to be.

With their help, and with the pride I mentioned before, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** publishes on page 64—as just one of its matters of agreeable report this week—the names of the Silver Anniversary All-Americans of 1938-63.

This week's report is the first of two on the subject. In an early December issue we will return with opinions from this year's career All-Americans on the condition of college football today—and what might be done about it.

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POINT OF FACT

A college football quiz to test the memory and add to the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

7 Only players from Eastern colleges made the original All-America team in 1889. When was the first player selected from a) the Midwest b) the South c) the West?

• a) Fullback Clarence Herschberger of Chicago made Walter Camp's first team in 1898, b) Ashbel Day of Georgia Tech was chosen as first-team center in 1918, c) Harold Mulker of California was a first-team end in 1921.

7 What team gained the most yards per game in a season?

• Nevada averaged 487 yards a game in 1948 while winning nine games and losing two for the major-college record, but that same year tiny Hanover College of Indiana averaged 624.1 a game (won 6, lost 2) to set the small-college record.

7 What player holds the total offense record?

• Tailback Johnny Bright of Drake accounted for 2,400 yards running and passing in nine games (a record 266.7 yards average per game) in 1950. The small-college record, set by Quarterback Stan Jackson of California Poly (Pomona) in 10 games in 1958, is 2,478 yards.

7 Why is the point-after-touchdown called a conversion?

• Until 1876 only kicked goals counted in the scoring. The purpose of a touchdown was merely to gain a free try for a goal. If the kick was good, the touchdown was said to be "converted" into a goal.

7 Who changed the Rugby "scrum" into the modern line of scrimmage and introduced the system of downs?

... continued



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POINT OF FACT continued

• Unofficial Coach Walter Camp of Yale persuaded the old Intercollegiate Football Association to adopt these ideas in 1880 and 1882.

? *Who is modern football considered to date from 1912?*

• In that year, by a decision of the NCAA Rules Committee, the value of a touchdown was increased to six points (from five), the number of downs was changed from three to four, the 20-yard restriction on forward passes was abolished and the field length was standardized at 100 yards.

? *Who won the first championships in these leagues: a) the Western Conference, b) the Southwest Conference, c) the Southeastern Conference, d) the Pacific Coast Conference, e) the Big Eight, f) the Ivy League?*

• a) Wisconsin in 1896, b) Baylor and Oklahoma in 1915, c) Alabama in 1933, d) Washington in 1916, e) Nebraska in 1928, f) Yale in 1956 (the Ivy League was not formally organized until that year).

? *What is considered to be the greatest upset in college football history?*

• In 1921 Harvard, the Rose Bowl winner and national champion during a 25-game unbeaten streak, was defeated 6-0 by little Centre College of Danville, Ky. It is said that when Danville was to have that telephone installed, the townspeople demanded that their exchange be Centre 6.

? *Football's most noted historic performance was Knute Rockne's celebrated appeal to "underdog Notre Dame" to "win this one for the Gipper," against Army in 1928. Who was the Gipper?*

• He was George Gipp, an All-America fullback for Notre Dame in 1920. Gipp died of pneumonia that season, a few weeks after he insisted upon playing with a 102° fever against Northwestern.

? *In 1924 "the Wheaton Iceman" almost singlehandedly destroyed Michigan in football's greatest individual performance. Who was he and what did he do?*

• Red Grange, also known as "The Galloping Ghost," returned the opening kick-off 95 yards for a touchdown. The next three times Grange handled the ball, he scored touchdowns of 67, 56 and 44 yards, all within the game's first 12 minutes. Before it was over, he scored again, on a 12-yard TD run, and passed for a sixth touchdown to lead Illinois to a 39-14 victory. Michigan, which we saw and lost only one other game that year, shut out five of its opponents and allowed only two other TDs all season.

—HAROLD PETERSON

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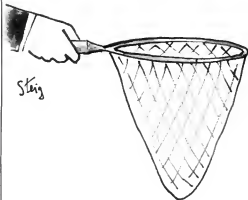
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You will appreciate greater leg room, knee room and head room. In the rear compartment, leg room has been increased four inches over the 1963 model and there is a gain of 2.5 inches in knee room over 1963. The resulting knee room is more than double that of the 1961 and 1962 Continental. You will also enjoy broader window visibility, and easier entrance through the widened rear doors.

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7. Each Continental is built in a special plant at Wixom, Michigan, that establishes and maintains the world's highest automotive engineering standards.

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8. No other car is so thoroughly tested. Every Continental must pass 189 performance tests on the road in addition to thousands of tests during manufacture.
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These unique superiorities make the Lincoln Continental the luxury automobile for the discriminating motorist. When you see the Continental, look again. Notice the kind of person who drives it.

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SCORECARD

DOUBLE SUB TROUBLE

By midseason it has become apparent that this year's NCAA football substitution rules, so confusing that neither coaches nor officials can understand or enforce them, are being pretty much disregarded in some areas. Still, it was a shocker the other night when Cliff Shaw, No. 1 football referee of the Southwest Conference, blandly told a television audience: "A few ineligible players aren't going to hurt anyone. At least they shouldn't change the outcome of a game."

The rules, said another Southwest official, are being "grossly violated. We are told in our pregame conferences that we are not to let the sub rules keep us from working a good football game."

Shaw said the trouble comes on fourth down and when the ball changes hands, occasions when only two substitutes are permitted.

"These are the busiest downs for the officials," he explained. "We can't risk a mistake on marking the ball and carrying out other duties by keeping a constant watch on the benches. I doubt that there has been one game played in our league in which there hasn't been at least one violation."

There will be more. Officials are resistant to proposals that, for the rest of the season, substitutes be required to report and be recorded on two-man substitution downs. Like the coaches, they are playing out the string—and pining for the free-substitution amendment that is likely to come in 1964.

POOL HALL IN THE SKY

In thoughtful concern for the city man's physical fitness we have sometimes pondered the feasibility of converting the rooftops of our space-starved cities into playing fields by sodding and lime-lining them. With the question still unresolved, we have put it aside to consider another puzzler, one that has to do not so much with space problems in recreation as recreation problems in space. In the weightlessness of out there, chin-ups would have no effect. So what to do for those

men soon expected to inhabit space stations circling the earth?

The solution is to use weightlessness instead of fighting it. As a recent *Scientific American* points out, the game of pool would adapt splendidly to three-dimensional play. Set up a rectangular room. Cover walls, ceiling and floor with green felt and have cushions run around the edges where floor meets wall and wall meets ceiling. Have your pockets in each of the eight corners. The balls, numbered from 1 to 35, would be racked in a tetrahedron (a four-sided pyramid) instead of a triangle. What with all the bending that is required in pool and climbing those walls and walking on the ceiling, the spacemen would get plenty of exercise.

CHALLENGE FOR THE CHAMP

If we owned an Offenhauser racing car we would be extremely nervous about two occurrences of last week.

First, the Ford Motor Company and British Designer Colin Chapman, collaborators on the Lotus-Fords which in last May's Indianapolis "500" made the dominant Offies look pretty vincible, disclosed an alarming new model at Indy. Instead of the original carbureted pushrod V-8 of 350 horsepower, it uses a four-overhead-camshaft, fuel-injected engine—again in lightweight aluminum and again burning gasoline rather than racing alcohol. Horsepower estimates range up to 450. The chassis is basically the old one, but Chapman has promised an improved design for 1964. With Jim Clark and Dan Gurney driving, and the engine developing typical new-engine bugs, the test car yet managed a very fast 149 mph. If it is that fast when sick, what wonders will the car perform when the engine is healthy?

The other threat to the Offy faithful came from Sherwood Egbert, president of Studebaker. "We will run at Indianapolis," he announced, "and we intend to win." Egbert, a fan of the hairy Novi supercharged engines that have long excited "500" fans but have never been in a winning car, plans to bestow them upon

three different chassis: a four-wheel-drive Ferguson from England, a California-built job of unspecified design and a 1963 Indy model.

SIMPLE ANSWER

The brilliance of the 1963 Los Angeles Dodgers, goats of the 1962 pennant race, was explained last week by their manager, Walter Alston. "Last year," he told a Columbus audience, "we scored 202 runs more than this year. . . . Last year we had a guy [Willie] steal 104 bases and this year he only stole 40 . . . and last year we won 102 games and this year we won only 99."

A LONG LINE

Fish stories from Texas are, naturally, fishier than any others. Like this one. A fisherman we shall call Joe hooked into a fat catfish just off the Gulf shore. But the canny catfish hung in an old car body, one of many hags dumped into the Gulf to provide a haven for marine life. Joe was determined to reel in his catch, so he called on a skin diver armed



with a spear gun to go down and dislodge the catfish. Skin diver obliged. He returned empty-handed. "Couldn't hit him?" Joe asked. "No," replied the diver. "Every time I started to get a bead on him, he'd roll the window up."

HOTEL FOR HACKERS

A chubby, cheerful little Canadian, Douglas Henderson, who recently opened a heated golf driving range in London, is a fellow of unlimited imagination. At Southport in Lancashire, where

the British Open and Ryder Cup matches will be played in 1965. Henderson plans to build a 112-room hotel alongside a driving range, a swimming pool and a nine-hole par-3 golf course. Each bedroom will be carpeted with stuff that forms in effect a miniature putting green. There will be a hole installed at one end of the room and putting irons will be part of each room's furnishings. But that is by no means all. The lower a golfer's handicap, the less he'll have to pay for his room.

MATCH OF THE CENTURY

Only a few times in American history have Congressmen resorted to bare knuckles instead of full-blown platitudes, and rarely have actual blows been struck. Recently two Texans came close, one in Republican trunks, the other in Democratic.

Ed Foreman (Rep.), of Odessa, 29, 5 feet 11, weighing 215, took on Henry Gonzalez (Dem.), of San Antonio, 47, 5 feet 10, weighing 175. Foreman had played football for eight years in high school and college; Gonzalez did some college boxing.

Foreman was quoted as saying Gonzalez was soft on Communism. Gonzalez threatened to pistol-whip Foreman, who invited him to step outside. Gonzalez says that when they got outside Foreman put on his eyeglasses and refused to take them off. "He's a sissy," Gonzalez charged. Foreman denied the eyeglass claim, and said Gonzalez took a poke at him. Gonzalez said if he had, there would have been plenty of evidence on Foreman's face, which there was not.

"I'd be perfectly happy to meet him in Madison Square Garden," said Gonzalez. "The ticket money could go to the parties' national committees, and the first man down loses."

The Garden matchmaker, Teddy Brenner, could do worse, and has.

BORDER WAR

Oreille Baker, a Salt Lake City pheasant hunter, bought a \$25 Idaho nonresident license and headed for Cache Valley, rich, rolling uplands that bestride the Idaho-Utah border. But he never fired a shot. Instead of pheasants he encountered a beady-eyed Idahoan toting a holstered six-gun in militant Old West style.

"No Utah folks allowed to hunt here," said the pistoleer.

"But I paid my \$25 fee," protested Baker.

"No Utahns allowed," the man responded.



A LIGHT AT NIGHT IS A FRIENDLY THING

How many times have you wished that your car's lights would stay on until you entered your house—then turn themselves off? Sound like science fiction? Well, now it's fact.

The new Twilight Sentinel has a "time-delay" feature that keeps your car's lights on after you park—then automatically turns them off. You may include the left or right cornering light.

No more concern about those darkened areas—walks, driveway or garage. Just plenty of friendly light in the night.

Ask your Cadillac dealer about the Twilight Sentinel as an optional accessory.

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Should you wear striped underwear with a striped shirt?

Congratulations for not throwing those shirts away when you bought Carter's multi-stripe boxers. Frankly, this wear-stripes-with-solids business has gone too far: men have jettisoned most of a wardrobe because it clashed with their Carter's knit boxers. Just between us, nothing can detract from these shorts, knitted from soft Pak-Nit® fabric. (Whew! Glad we rescued those shirts.) Best friend a well-dressed knit-picker ever had:

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SCORECARD *continued*

peated, and this time Baker got the message. Hightailing it back across the state line, he raised the first alarm in a border war that now has the two states involved right up to their governors.

Utah law requires state registration—and accompanying taxes—of all vehicles operating within the state. This means that Idaho sugar beet farmers who transport their harvests to a mill only two miles inside Utah must register their trucks in Utah—in addition to paying for their own Idaho registration, of course. Others who work or study in Utah but live in Idaho are similarly affected. All would be well if Utah would change the law, but so far Utah won't. So, in reprisal, Idaho is letting Utah hunters buy nonresident licenses but not letting them hunt. Both states, from sheriff to governor, are now conducting conferences on how to effect a truce. There will be a grand final summit meeting on Nov. 12. Meanwhile, Idaho hunters are shooting pheasants and Idaho haulers are trucking on down.

SHOPPING LIST

It is Christmas catalog time and this year the gift listings are better reading than ever. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, there are buffalo coats for women. A few blocks away, at Brooks Brothers, there are buffalo busbys for men. (Busbys are those tall fur hats worn by hussars.) Saks also has a putter equipped with klaxon horn to annoy one's opponent at crucial moments, an electric light for late hole-outs, a tape measure, a level on the blade—and a compass. An irresistible combination, it goes for \$25.

THEY SAID IT

- Warren LeTarte, representative of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, on the minors: "We sat for too many years calling ourselves the great American game, playing the national anthem and thinking baseball was part of the Constitution. We must recognize that baseball is just another entertainment medium among many."
- Lord Maneroft on cricket: "The British have never been a spiritually minded people, so they invented cricket to give them some notion of eternity."
- Gerry Musial, 18-year-old daughter of Stan Musial, in a wire to her father at a sesquicentennial dinner in his honor: "Dear Daddy, although you're retired, you still swing."

END

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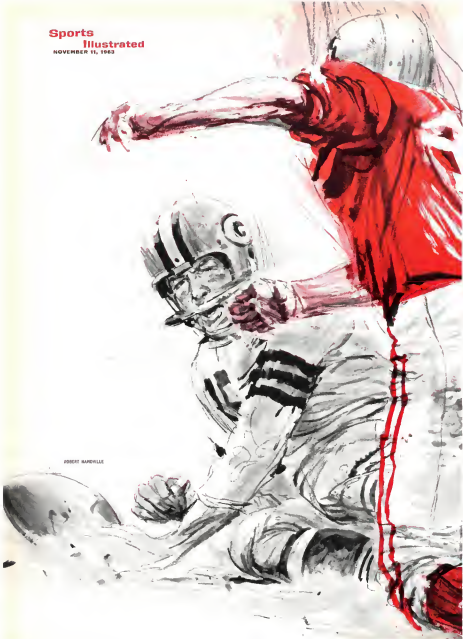
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Sports
Illustrated

NOVEMBER 11, 1963

ROBERT RABOUILLE





A WAR ON FEROCITY

There have been more injuries in pro football this year than ever before. In their concern over unnecessary roughness, officials are tightening up on rules and carefully studying game films for hidden infractions

by WALTER BINGHAM

As a matter of traditional courtesy in the National Football League, the home team provides a stretcher for the use of the players. And a good thing, too. This season in the NFL, the stretcher has been as important to the game as the football. Never before have so many knees, ribs, ankles, backs and shoulders snapped, cracked and popped. No game report is complete without a casualty list. GIANTS WIN, TITTLE HURT. JOE SCHMIDT OUT FOR MONTH. JURGENSEN SIDELINED. And so on and on and on. The question is, has the violent world of pro football become too violent? Is the game getting too rough? Sample this:

A few Sundays ago in St. Louis, Bart Starr, the Green Bay quarterback, was attacked on the field by Jimmy Hill, a Cardinal defensive back. Attacked is the word, too, not tackled. Starr was run-

ning with the ball when the two met near the sideline. As they collided, Hill's right forearm shot forward. Starr ducked and the blow glanced off his helmet. As both men fell, Hill jabbed back at Starr with his right elbow, but Starr was out of range. Hill scrambled to his knees and, as Starr rolled over on his back and started to sit up, Hill punched him in the face. Starr fell back again.

Even as Starr was falling, white handkerchiefs from two officials fluttered to the ground. Hill was thrown out of the game for misconduct, costing him a stiff fine and costing his team 15 yards plus Hill's services. But for Green Bay the price was far greater. Starr, groggy, had to be helped from the field by two teammates. He played no more that day—though Green Bay, leading 23-0 when Starr left, had no trouble

continued

In the most reprehensible play of the season, Cardinal Defensive Back Jimmy Hill slugs Green Bay Packer Quarterback Bart Starr in the face, an example of professional football at its worst.

winning—and after the game it was discovered he had a broken right hand and would be unable to play for several weeks. Movies revealed that Starr broke his hand when he fell on top of it, but the film clearly showed that the awkwardness of the fall was caused by Hill's right forearm thrust, which Starr had to duck. One irate Packer fan sent a telegram to NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle. "Do you ban Jimmy Hill for life," he asked, "or do we hire Sonny Liston?"

Not a bad question. There are some games in which even Sonny Liston would not be safe. Those who saw this year's Giant-Brow game in New York watched the best heavyweight fight of the year. The Giants tried to stop Jim Brown by beating him up. Only one unnecessary roughness penalty was called against the Giants, but several others might have been. "Being hit in the face didn't stop me from running," Brown said later. Brown personally defeated the Giants, but after the game his eyes were puffed and nearly closed. "Football is a rough game," he said, "but I don't expect to get hit in the face every game. That's not normal."

Brown is right. Punches in the face are not normal in pro football, but they will may become so unless the five officials on the field are constantly alert to this damaging fact: roughness, one of the ingredients that makes pro football so popular, can ruin the sport if it gets out of control (see cover). Hear Pete Rozelle, the commissioner, who was in St. Louis the day Starr was slugged; Rozelle saw the play and was appalled.

"The war against roughness in pro football is a continuing war," he said several days ago in his New York office. "Bert Bell fought the war when he was commissioner, and I'm fighting it now. Before the season began we made a tour of the training camps and told the players that if they weren't concerned about their own physical well-being, we were. The players represent big investments and the league, apart from any emotional factor, can't afford to have them hurt."

To help him fight his war against roughness, Rozelle hired Joe Kuharich, the former Notre Dame coach, as supervisor of officials. "I wanted a football expert in the office," says Rozelle. "God knows I'm not." While it would be inaccurate to imply that Kuharich's sole duty is to battle dirty football, it would

be equally inaccurate to say he is not concerned with it. Kuharich accompanied Rozelle when he made his tour of training camps last summer. "We explained to the players what they could do and what they couldn't do," says Kuharich. "We told them what was legal and what was illegal. And we told them that the officials would be watching them closely. We don't want officials to decide the outcome of a game. We want a flow of action uninterrupted by penalties, but we can't allow the game to get out of control either."

Most players in the NFL think the officials are doing a good job of keeping roughness to a minimum—most of the time. "They're calling things pretty close," says Eddie LeBaron, the veteran quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys. "The officials are very good." Wayne Walker, Detroit Lions' linebacker agrees. "You've got to watch what you do," he

says. "That 15-yard penalty for losing your temper could cost you a lot of money if it happened to lose you a game that kept you out of the championship." Bob Gain, a Cleveland defensive tackle, lost his temper recently. "In our game with Los Angeles one of the Rams hit me from behind after the play was over, so I kicked him. It was a foolish thing to do, and it cost us 15 yards."

That's the kind of talk Kuharich likes to hear. "Temperamental outbursts only hurt your own team," he says. Kuharich always refers to unnecessary roughness, even Jimmy Hill's kind, as a temperamental outburst. "The sooner the players learn that the better." The sustained Giant attack on Jimmy Brown is not so easily categorized.

As supervisor of officials, Joe Kuharich has a job most men would enjoy. Each weekday morning he leaves his home in New Rochelle, catches the 8:35

Airborne and vulnerable on a button hook, the receiver is fair game for the defensive back.



commuter train to Grand Central Station and walks six blocks to the mid-Manhattan offices of the National Football League. Once seated behind his desk and served his morning cup of coffee by a pretty receptionist, he attaches a roll of film to a projector and, one by one, watches every game played in the NFL the week before. He runs the film through from opening kickoff to final gun, studying the positioning of his officials, where they were on crucial plays, how they called the plays and whether they were correct or not. The films help Kuharich to answer the wires or memos that inevitably arrive on his desk the Monday following the weekend's games, complaints from club owners or coaches that one of the officials blew a play. Recently Harland Svare, coach of the Rams, wired Kuharich, protesting an unnecessary roughness call against one of his linemen in a game with the Bears. Kuharich studied the film, running and rerunning the play in slow motion. The penalty occurred on a kicking play, the Bears punting to the Rams. "There it is," Joe shouted. The film showed a Ram lineman swinging a bandaged arm, uppercut style, at the Bears' Ronnie Bull. As Bull fell, the Ram lineman kicked him in the back, then turned and headed innocently upfield. But the umpire's flag was already on the ground. "A good call," said Kuharich proudly. "That's the kind of stuff we have to watch."

Sometimes Kuharich gets the complaints in person. Recently Tex Schramm, general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, popped into his office. "Put our game on the projector, Joe," he said excitedly. After a few minutes the film showed a Detroit end catch a pass, get hit and drop it, all in a split second. A Dallas lineman fell on the ball. "What do you call it, what do you call it?" bellowed Schramm.

"Incomplete pass," said Kuharich, just as the officials called it.

"Incomplete?" said Schramm. "Look, stop the film right there. He's caught it. Now he's dropped it." Kuharich simply shook his head. "It's easy for us to sit here and judge after watching the play several times on film. They only get to watch it once, and they have to make their decision like that." Kuharich slammed his fist into his open palm. "And if Detroit had recovered the ball you'd be arguing that the pass was incomplete."



Linebackers urge that the lethal crack block—a block from the blind side, be ruled illegal.

Besides watching every game on film and fielding the complaints of outraged general managers, Kuharich assigns officials to games—there are 45 NFL officials of whom 35 are used every weekend—keeps tabs on other officials, college and high school, who would like to get into professional football and, of course, makes certain that the officials he has now are always in control of the game.

"There are certain times in a game when the play is apt to get overspirited," says Kuharich. "When a game, especially an important game, is almost over and one of the teams knows it cannot win, some players get upset. That's when the officials really have to bear down."

Just such a situation arose in the second Grunt-Brown game in Cleveland two weeks ago. In contrast to the first meeting, the game was commendably clean, but after three periods the Giants led 33-0 and the Browns were fuming.

The most frustrated Brown of all was Jim Brown, who had been held to only 40 yards gained rushing and whose fumble had led to the Giants' first score. As Giant Linebacker Tom Scott made a rush on the quarterback late in the game, he crashed into Brown, swinging an arm in the direction of Brown's jaw. Brown dodged the blow, grabbed Scott and threw a punch of his own. Scott swung back and the two of them fell to the ground, fighting. Just when it looked as if the game might turn into an all-out free-for-all, the officials moved in quickly, broke it up and ejected Brown and Scott from the game. Verdict by Kuharich: good, quick work.

While the NFL is concerned with the physical well-being of all its players, it is concerned most about the safety of the man with the ball. "This game is built around great runners and passers," says Kuharich. "We've got to protect them."

continued

The NFL has taken several steps recently to guard the man with the ball from injury due to unnecessary roughness. To wit:

1) Running into the kicker, a five-yard penalty—and an automatic first down—is now called whenever there is even the slightest contact between rusher and kicker, unless the kick is blocked. In a recent game between Dallas and New York, Giant Defensive Back Erich Barnes rushed Kicker Sam Baker and nicked his foot as he went by. Of course, Baker collapsed on the ground, standard procedure with all kickers, and the penalty was called, not because Baker fell, but because contact had been made. "Some kickers leave the ground completely when they kick the ball," points out Kuharich. "If they get hit then, anything could happen." As a result of the strict enforcement of this rule this year, almost no punts are being blocked and kickers in the NFL are averaging about five yards farther per punt than they did last year.

2) Tackling the runner by the face mask (15 yards) became illegal last year. "It's strange," says Pete Roelle, "but until last year it was illegal to grab the face mask of anyone except the runner. It was all right to grab his. Then we were looking at some films one day, and we saw a couple of plays where the runner almost had his head ripped off by a face-mask tackle. We decided we'd better make it illegal."

3) Quicker whistles now rule plays dead to prevent piling on (15 yards). NFL officials are instructed to blow their whistles the instant the man with the ball hits the ground. "This prevents senseless injuries," says Kuharich. "We want to protect runners from that secondary and tertiary tackle."

Still, there is plenty of room left in pro football for violence, as the players demonstrate every Sunday. Secondary and tertiary tackles may be illegal when the runner is down, but many is the time the runner gets caught by one ankle and, standing still, must face an avalanche of three or four tacklers. At such times no tackler simply lowers a shoulder and knocks the sitting duck down. Standard procedure is to crash into the runner standing up, forearms extended

and perhaps even jabbing a bit. When the runner goes down, no self-respecting tackler would overlook the chance to land on him with a sharp elbow or knee.

Pass catchers ponder early retirement when running the button hook, a pass pattern on which the receiver starts downfield, then turns abruptly and catches a pass with his back to his defender. On those few occasions when he has really shaken his defender, the receiver has time to turn and run with the ball. But more often the defender is right there. If the defender can hit the receiver hard the split second after the receiver has touched

the ball, there is a good chance the pass will go incomplete.

Linebackers, who are usually on the giving end, have been complaining this year about the crack block, which they call "legal clipping," by the flanker back. "We get it on reverses and divide screens," says George Turasovic of the Pittsburgh Steelers. "A quarterback fakes a handoff to the fullback and, while the linebacker is preoccupied with that man, the flanker back hooks around and blocks him on the blind side. It's legal, but it shouldn't be." This season both Carl Brettschneider of Detroit and



Piling on a grounded runner gives defensive men good cover for inside work with elbows.

Bob Schmitz of Pittsburgh were injured on just such plays.

Still one of the roughest plays in football is the kick-off. All pro teams use special kicking and receiving units made up mostly of reserves and rookies who have only kicking plays to show what they can do. What they do, mainly, is kill each other. "They're called suicide squads, and it isn't hard to see why," says Kuharich.

Rough as pro football is, it is the consensus of most players that it is no longer dirty, or less dirty than it once was. Gone for the most part is what pro

football calls the cheap-shot artist, the player who deliberately tries to hurt another. "Most of the teams always had a few guys who were out to hurt somebody," says Buzz Nutter, Pittsburgh center. "There used to be a couple of weak teams in the league who knew they couldn't win, so they went out to destroy the guys who could. But no one can afford to be dirty now. Everybody's getting more money. It's important to survive."

Says Sam Baker, Dallas kicking specialist: "The players today are better rounded and more intelligent. The game's more technical. There's more polish. That just

doesn't leave any place for stupid, dirty football. Why, I think we could cut off the officials and play without them."

Sure, Sam, sure. You cut off the officials and then go back there and get ready to punt. Also get ready to be killed. Pro football may have come a long way, but it has not come that far. The five officials, their whistles and white handkerchiefs are all that stand between pro football and a gang war. The players may be more intelligent and the game more technical, but a punch in the face is still the best way to stop a quarterback. Just ask Bart Starr. **END**





HORSEBACK IN THE CLASSROOM

Few girls graduate from Virginia's exclusive Foxcroft School without learning to ride. The headmistress says that the course teaches students sportsmanship and self-discipline

by PEGGY DOWNEY

Foxcroft is a girls' prep school so tiny that its students were once taught how to cope with the butler back home. Set as it is in the hunting country of Middleburg, Va., Foxcroft is better known for its fine riding program, the major aspect of a demanding physical education program that includes basketball, field hockey, tennis, softball and gymnastics. Weekday afternoons nearly all of the 133 girls, many of whose parents are listed in the *Social Register* or *Who's Who* or both, slip into impeccable tweed jackets and jodhpurs for riding class. In addition to scheduled morning and evening rides, for \$275 enthusiasts can obtain two extra hours of instruction each week—a trifle considering the regular \$3,300 tuition fee. The school supplies dozens of horses to accommodate its students, but some girls board their own in the Foxcroft stables. "Before a girl can learn to control a horse," says Headmistress Bertha S. Adkins, "she has to be able to control herself. That, after all, is what education really is."

Military drill (right) was started in 1942 by Founder Charlotte Roland, as a patriotic gesture during the war and for lessons in discipline. Injured girl fell from her horse during class.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SEARS



Forscroft girls must dress properly in riding habits for every class (above). Senior Virginia Smith of Georgia (right) is captain of the Foxes, one of two competing campus teams, and the top rider



CONTINUED



Foxcroft girls lead a sheltered but Spartan life—no lipstick, sturdy brown oxfords and unheated sleeping porches. There are no fripperies like weekend proms. There is riding instead. A Foxcroft equestrienne who learns her lessons well enough may earn permission to join the Middleburg Hunt. Many hack to local horse shows. And this fall Foxcroft inaugurated a one-day competition in cross-country, stadium jumping and dressage with Madeira and St. Catherine's, two comparable Virginia institutions. Until recently the school had been saddled with a country-club, finishing-school reputation, but the girls study as hard as they ride. Says Headmistress Adkins, "Riding is only one part of our program here. Our academic work in preparing girls for college is our primary concern at Foxcroft."

Jane Coerver (right), who is competing in this week's National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, displays flawless form as she takes her own horse over a practice jump.



When not in classes, students may dress casually in blue jeans (above) for a meander over some of the school's egg acres. Girls, age 14 to 18, come from all over country and abroad.

Frisky horse kicks up (right) during walk on Sunday, the "grooms" day off. Girls, who are driven to chapel standing up in an open truck, obligingly take mounts out after church.





Virginia Swift leads four other members of riding honor society to a lesson. Black shirts and hats are tradition that dates back to the '30s, when group was founded by Charlotte Noland after a trip to Mussolini's Italy.





**'I
GOT
A
TOUCH
LIKE
A
BLACKSMITH'**

Yogi Berra, the switch-hitting golfer, was speaking of his putting in Pinehurst last week. But that defect should not handicap him at all as new manager of the Yankees

by **GERALD HOLLAND**



TAKING THE FAMILIAR STANCE HE HAS ASSUMED AS A CATCHER FOR YEARS, YOGI LINES UP A PUTT ON HIS GOLFING HOLIDAY

They sat in a circle on the lawn of the old and comfortably elegant Carolina Hotel in Pinehurst, N.C., 12 business and professional men on their annual golfing holiday. All were members of the White Bunches Golf and Country Club of Haworth, N.J. They were pleasantly dog-tired after 18 holes on one of the five courses that fan out from the clubhouse of the Pinehurst Country Club. All had slept fitfully on the rocky train ride from New York the night before, although one of their number, Dr. Edward N. Bookman of Tenally, N.J., had prescribed sleeping pills all around.

They were silent, drinking in the beauty of the starlit night and the soft breeze that now and again sent a leaf fluttering down from the aged trees. It was one of those moments that is savored best when a man is weary from a day well spent.

There was a celebrity in the group, but he was not being treated as a celebrity here. Perhaps that was why his homely

handsome face was creased by a flaut smile of contentment. For here, on the lawn in Pinehurst, he was with friends and neighbors and golfing pals. He was Larry, one of the gang, and only incidentally Yogi Berra, the new manager of the New York Yankees.

He needed this respite, this company. That is not to say that he had not taken pleasure and pride in the way things had gone a few days before when he faced the largest press conference in Yankee history. He had been frankly apprehensive about this occasion, but once he had mounted the podium (he stood on a box to clear the cluster of microphones) he had responded good-naturedly to the cries of the cameramen, fielding the questions of the reporters with poise and grace and enough uncalculated Berraisms to brighten the uniformly enthusiastic press notices that followed. Take away Harvard, and President Kennedy himself could not have done much better. Moreover, like the

LINDSEY

President, Yogi made repeated use of a press conference word that he obviously intends to favor on such occasions. President Kennedy's word, as the whole country knows, is "judgment." Yogi's new word is "actually," a stylish preface to almost any reply—a word, in fact, that would take a man the length and breadth of England without the necessity of uttering so much as another syllable. "Actually," said Yogi at his first press conference, "it wasn't much of a cut." He was referring to his salary, which, it is reliably reported, will be \$35,000 next season, a \$10,000 drop from his 1963 salary as player-coach and \$20,000 less than the top figure he received at the peak of his playing career.

Yogi broke the silence of the circle on the lawn.

"Eight years," he said. "Eight years I've been coming down here. This place gets better all the time. And my golf gets worse."

"Larry," said John Mahanarian of Oradell, N.J., a six-handicap golfer (Bern's handicap is 13), "you're not getting the distance on your drives that you used to get. You used to hit a very long ball."

Yogi nodded. "I'm not getting the distance."

"You know what you're doing? You're turning your head on your backswing. You're swinging that club like it was a baseball bat."

"I'm hooking and I'm slicing," said Yogi. "I'm in the woods all the time. I'm liable to get bit by a snake."

"You're looking up on your iron shots. You're looking up even before you hit the ball."

Yogi scowled and smacked the arm of his chair. "I got to stop looking up. I just got to do that. Why can't I remember?"

"And you were pretty heavy-handed on the greens, Larry."

"I know, I know," said Yogi. "Putting, I got a touch like a blacksmith." (Yogi is a rarity in golf: a switch-hitter. He swings right-handed with his woods and irons, puts left-handed.)

Francis D. Murphy, a New York attorney who lives in Fort Lee, N.J., suddenly jumped to his feet. "Objection!" he cried. "Let the boy up. Naturally he was off his game today. He was tired. He's been through a lot." He tapped his head. "He's got a lot on his mind."

The group fell silent again. Somebody

yawned, and there were yawns all around. But the group seemed reluctant to call it a day and head for the suite, which included six connecting double bedrooms and a spacious sitting room. For the first time the subject of Yogi's new job as manager of the Yankees came up.

"Who are your coaches going to be, Larry?"

Yogi shook his head. "I don't know. Actually, I don't know. If I knew, I'd tell you fellows."

"Well, now, Larry," said another voice from the darkness, "do they pick your coaches for you? Houk, will he tell you who your coaches are?"

"I pick the coaches," said Yogi, raising his voice ever so slightly. "If I couldn't pick my coaches, I wouldn't take the job."

"Larry, wasn't it kind of lousy of them to promote you to manager and then cut your salary?"

"That doesn't bother me," said Yogi. "Actually, I'm a rookie all over again. I got to find out if I'm a manager. And like I said in New York, if I find out I can't manage, I'll quit."

"Does that mean you have to win the pennant again—to prove to yourself you can manage?"

"No, I could prove I can manage and still not win the pennant. But I think we will win the pennant. And if we do and if I'm satisfied with me, I can talk money and maybe a two-year contract. One year was all I wanted to start."

"There were stories in the papers that you got the job because they wanted to humanize the Yanks. A lot of people don't like the Yanks. They say they're too cold-blooded. They say they're putting you in there to help the gate because you got a big following and you get a lot of publicity for the club and a lot of laughs from the sports-writers. They say the Mets and Stengel have got them scared. They say with the new stadium, the Mets could outdraw you next year."

"Well," said Yogi, "if I help the gate, that's fine with me."

But Larry, reading between the lines, the idea was that you were going to be a kind of straw boss, with Houk really running the club.

"If that was true," said Yogi, "I'd quit right now. But it's not. I knew I was being considered for the job since spring training. I had a lot of long talks with Ralph. He showed me a lot about

managing. Then, when I got the job, he said, 'You're the boss. It's your club, win or lose. If you ever want to talk anything over, fine. If you never come around, fine.' That's the way it is. That's the way it's going to be. I mean as far as running the ball club on the field is concerned. Actually, we'll talk over players we might want to bring up, like that. I'll be talking to Ralph when I get back. We got some great prospects on the farm clubs. We figure to take 17 pitchers to spring training."

"Larry, the news that you were the manager of the Yankees must have been a big sensation back in your old neighborhood in St. Louis."

"I heard," said Yogi, "that they had drinks on the house at Ruggeri's, where I was headwaiter once, and at Charley's place and at Fassi's. They're going to get up a big delegation to go to Kansas City for our first series there. People said it was the biggest thing—outside Joe Garagiola making it big in radio and television—that has happened on the Hill since they put in the pension plan at the brickyard where my pop worked."

Yogi smiled. "I heard the old folks on the Hill were saying, 'Il figlio di Pietro è il padrone.' That means, 'Pete's boy is the boss.' Pete was my father's name. He was against me and my brothers, Tony, Mike and John, playing ball. But Mom was on my side, and when the Yanks offered to sign me for a \$500 bonus she talked Pop into letting me go. He didn't want to. He said I should get a regular job and bring home a paycheck every Saturday night. But Mom talked him into letting me sign. The Yanks sent me to Norfolk. That was real rough. I got \$45 every two weeks. I couldn't get by on it. I had to write to Mom for money. She'd send it without telling Pop. Finally, when I made it pretty good with the Yanks, my brothers went to Pop and said, 'You see, Pop? Lazdy' (they called me Lazdy at home) 'made it big. Now if you had let us play ball too, you'd be rolling in money, you'd be a millionaire.' You know what Pop said? Pop said, 'What are you talking to me for? I was for it all the time. Go to your mother, she was the one who wouldn't listen to me!'"

It got a good laugh. Yogi stood up and stretched. "I'm going to pick up the papers and go upstairs. I got to make a long distance call."

"Where to?" asked Ed Dawe. "California," said Yogi, stroking away.

continued



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"California," mused Ed Dawe of Montclair, N.J. "Now, who is he calling in California?"

"I'll bet it's Crosetti," said Sandy Cerami, an automobile dealer from Ridgewood. Crosetti lives in California. "Larry's probably going to ask Frank to stay on as coach."

They drifted off to bed, singly and in pairs, but some of them—Eddie Marek of Dumont, Bob Dankins of Woodcliff Lake, John Massari of Middletown, Stanley Aragona of Tenafly, John Ravaschio of Oradell, and Mickey Cullere of Dumont—took a final turn around the grounds.

Next day they were like new men. Bright-eyed and rested, Yogi Berra was at the 8 o'clock Mass at Sacred Heart Church. The service was brief as services usually are at resorts and, instead of a sermon, the pastor limited himself to an announcement that two collections would be taken up to help along the campaign for a new roof.

Yogi was better at golf that afternoon, his drives truer, his putting improved. He dubbed some iron shots, and once he buried his club with all the fury of a Tommy Bolt. Once he sneezed deep into the rough and yelled, "Timber!" Once, asked for his score on another hole, he growled, "The number on my back." The number on the back of his Yankee uniform is eight. But for all of that, he was in the high 80s for the round.

Now that everyone was rested, the nights were given over to gin rummy and some moderate drinking. Baseball talk kept creeping into the conversation despite all the protestations that this was to be a nonbaseball holiday for Larry.

"I'm at the stadium one day," someone said. "A man walks, Mantle's up, hits the first pitch and grounds out. Should Mickey have waited the pitcher out if he was getting a little wild? Shouldn't the take sign have been on?"

"Not with a power hitter like Mantle," said Yogi. "Mickey hits on his own. Maris, too."

"Will you be calling pitches, Larry? You know the hitters better than anybody on the club."

"I wouldn't second guess my catcher," said Yogi.

"Will you miss talking to the ump's?" "I kind of think I'll be talking to them once in a while."

"You going to bring the lineup cards

out to home plate or send them out with a coach?"

"I'll take them out," said Yogi.

"Man, the first day you do, the fans are going to tear the roof off the Stadium. Everybody's pulling for you, Larry."

Yogi frowned and, half to himself, he muttered, "I think I can manage. But I got to find out. Handling the players, I'm not worried. Like Joe Garagiola says, 'You got their respect, you don't have to win it, you can only lose it.' I don't blow my top often, but I can get mad. I can be firm, I can put my foot down if anybody gets out of line. I don't know. Eighteen years with the Yanks, a catcher's got to learn something."

The third day of golf was the best yet. Everyone was relaxed and playing better, including 13-handicap Yogi Berra. But, as it happened, he and Eddie Marek were matched with two of the best golfers of the group, John Mahmarian and John Ravaschio. Yogi and his partner were soundly beaten. John Ravaschio was the star of the match with a 76 that included some shots that would have done credit to Nicklaus or Palmer. He came off the 18th green enormously pleased with himself, although he tried hard to dwell modestly on a couple of bad shots. A sudden inspiration came to Yogi Berra and his friends. They decided that Ravaschio was ripe for "a tank job," a frame-up in which his own partner would do everything he could to throw the match and the gallery would cooperate by every evil means possible. Yogi and Cullere challenged Ravaschio and Mahmarian (who was, of course, in on the joke) to a nine-hole match for an \$800 side bet. Ravaschio, flushed with success, didn't hesitate an instant. They teed off immediately.

With everyone conspiring against Ravaschio, it seemed reasonably certain that Yogi and Mickey would win. But despite everything, Ravaschio was hotter than ever. Golf carts raced ahead of him, and his ball was kicked into the rough or a sand trap. They beat him to the green and moved his ball away from the cup. His partner putted atrociously. When Ravaschio putted, half the gallery was seized with coughing fits and the other half jammed the brakes on their golf carts. On the 9th tee it was getting dark and, by the time the foursome reached the green, Ravaschio had only the moonlight as he holed out for a 37.

The gag was revealed back in the suite at the Carolina after everyone had a drink in hand. Attorney Frank Murphy paid eloquent tribute to Ravaschio's golfing prowess, described him glowingly as a sportsman and a gentleman. Murphy concluded by saying, "Finally, my dear John, I must tell you that you have been had, you have been in the tank—we were all in on it—and, dear friend, you do not get \$800. You do not get a dime. Gentlemen, let us drink to John Ravaschio!" The victim, who knew all about tank jobs, shook his head and said, "I only got suspicious once. Remember when I said, 'Who am I playing with—the Marx Brothers?'"

"Ah, yes," said Attorney Murphy. "That worried us for a minute. We thought you were wise." Murphy raised his glass and drank deeply. He was obviously pleased with his little speech. Immediately, there was a huddle at the far end of the room. It was agreed: Attorney Murphy would be cut down to size—he would be framed at gin rummy that very night.

Early next evening, Yogi Berra stood on the veranda of the Carolina. He was asked about his immediate schedule after Pinehurst.

"First," he said, "I'm going to sit down with Ralph Houk and go over the roster and see what players we want to take to the early camp and talk about some good prospects we've got at Richmond and some of the other farms. I'll spend all the time I can with my family. Then on November 18 I got to go to Dallas for the Yoo Hoo convention. [Yogi is vice-president of the Yoo Hoo company, which makes a chocolate drink.] Yoo Hoo is going very good, we ought to sell 2 million cases this year. Well, then it won't be long before the minor league meetings in San Diego and the major league meetings in Los Angeles. I got to make some trips out with the Yankee Caravan. We'll go around Connecticut and New Jersey."

"Does that mean speech making?"

"No. I can't make speeches yet. But getting up answering questions about baseball, I don't mind that. Actually, I kind of like it. There's nothing tough about answering questions when you know what you're talking about."

And the golfing blacksmith knows his baseball. **END**

MOVE OVER, MAN O'WAR

After four years of brilliant performances Kelso must be ranked at the top of the list of U.S. Thoroughbreds, up there with Big Red himself

by WHITNEY TOWER

The word "great" is often used indiscriminately in sport, frequently as nothing more than a synonym for "good." It is a pleasure, therefore, to be able to apply the word correctly and in its fullest meaning to the 6-year-old racehorse leaning out of his Maryland stall at right. He has two tufts of gray hair on the right side of his head, a heart overflowing with courage and a name that might have bubbled right out of the new-products department at Procter & Gamble—Kelso.

Kelso, the running-and-winning property of Maryland Sportswoman Mrs. Richard C. duPont, is, however, even more than just a great racehorse. As his country's four-time Horse of the Year (no other has been so honored more than twice), Kelso belongs at the very top of the list, on the same pedestal as Man o' War himself. This covers a lot of territory and a lot of champion performers, including two other great geldings of different eras, Exterminator and Armed. It puts Kelso ahead of such oldtimers as Sysonby and Colin and Equipose, ahead of Seabiscuit, War Admiral, Whirlaway, Count Fleet, Assault and Citation and ahead of such near-contemporaries as Tom Fool, Native Dancer, Swaps, Nashua and Round Table.

All of these horses achieved moments of true magnificence, some during one season, some over two and even three seasons. But Kelso deserves to be ranked ahead of them simply because he has now beaten the best of four successive crops of American horses. Since 1960 the cream of these four crops, totaling roughly 50,000 horses, has taken a whack at this gifted son of Your Host, and now at the end of another campaign it is the same old story: Kelso on top, the rest nowhere.

Kelso has earned his rank the hard way. He has outrun sprinters at their game and outdistanced distance horses in the classic game. He has done it carrying top weights

OBSERVING HIS OWNER and her pets, Kelso takes time out from the races at Mrs. duPont's Maryland farm. The flag plaques signify he has twice represented the U.S. in the Laurel International.

ROBERT PHILLIPS





(136 pounds in the 1961 Brooklyn Handicap), and in many of his handicap victories he has given away more than 20 pounds to his rivals. At weight for age, over a mile and a half or beyond on a dirt track, he probably is the best horse that has ever lived.

Recently, while parading to the post for the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup (which he then went on to win for the fourth straight time), Kelso's ears pricked up to the roar of applause from the vast depths of Aqueduct. New York bettors are not in the habit of cheering 8-to-9 shots before the finish line is reached, but Kelso has been going off at such short odds and receiving such tribute for a long time. Watching and listening to all this, Mrs. duPont tried to explain what greatness in a horse really means. An attractive, 50ish widow with a slow, deliberate way of expressing herself, Allaire duPont is feverishly intense when she watches Kelso run. With Trainer Carl Hanford at her side, she never takes her eyes off her horse and her gray and canary-yellow colors. "Kelso," she said quietly, "has proved he can carry weight and run in track record time. He has taken on every challenger and taken them all in his stride. He is wonderfully consistent. He just goes on and on."

It is consistency that has enabled Kelso to become the second richest horse in history. He has earned \$1,556,702 in purses for winning 31 of his 44 races and for being second on eight other occasions. This puts him, momentarily, only \$193,167 behind Round Table's alltime record of \$1,749,869. There is hardly a doubt that long before the end of 1964 Kelso will leave the company of Round Table and racing's three other millionaires (Nashua, Carry Back and Citation) and start his own \$2 million club. In fact, if there are any niggling doubts at all about Kelso's ability on a racetrack, they should be resolved once and for all this Monday on the turf course at Laurel. There, for the third time, he will be attempting to win the Washington, D.C. International—a mile and a half against some of the world's best grass runners, including America's Mongol.

On his overall record Kelso will be the favorite at Laurel. On his grass record he probably should not be. For, while he has won 30 of 39 races on the dirt, he has won only one of his five starts on the turf. Nevertheless, both Allaire duPont and Carl Hanford firmly believe that Kelso is actually just as good on grass and that in this 12th International he will prove it. They have sound reasons. Though neither has ever tried to avenge a Kelso defeat on any surface, it is true that on most occasions when he lost he appeared to have an excuse. Twice he was shipped to Chicago and lost after failing to break well. Once, when beaten by Carry Back in the Monmouth Park Handicap, he was giving away six pounds, and Carry Back had to set a track record to win. Another time, in this year's Widener Handicap at Hialeah, Jockey Milo Valenzuela took full blame for holding Kelso back and letting Beau Purple loose for a front-running victory.

continued

On the turf, too, there have been extenuating circumstances. After the 1961 International, when Kelso was beaten three-quarters of a length by T. V. Lark, it was discovered that he had an ailing foreleg. That he finished 12 lengths in front of the third horse is a tribute to his courage. In the International a year ago Kelso ran one of the best races of his life and still lost by a length and a half to France's Match II. First, Kelso had to subdue front-running Beau Purple. Then, instead of being able to take a breather, he found himself challenged immediately by Carry Back, who was closer to the pace than he ever had been before. These two ran their hearts out to the stretch, but at that point Jockey Yves Saint-Martin and Match slipped through on the inside to beat them both. Reflecting on the race the other day, Allaire duPont noted accurately, "Without one or the other—either Beau Purple or Carry Back—in the race, we would have been O.K. But we had to put them both away, and that took too much out of Kelso. It set things up perfectly for a come-from-behind horse like Match. I still think it was one of Kelso's greatest races, and it proves to us that he can run brilliantly on the turf."

Valenzuela adds one note of caution. "Yes, I think this horse will run over any track, but only as long as he can get hold of it. He's fine in the mud but isn't at his best in the slop. On grass I think he does his best when it's real firm, not wet or soft."

No matter what the condition of the turf or the opposition at Laurel on November 11, Kelso will surely run one of his typically courageous races. And if he should lose, it will also be typical of his owner to be the first to congratulate the winner as well as to pass off her own defeat with a customary, "Isn't Kelso just wonderful anyway? He's a card, he's a bird, he's wonderful."

Allaire duPont, daughter of a Philadelphia stockbroker, is a pretty wonderful addition to racing herself. She has not only demonstrated her sportsmanship by racing Kelso against all comers, but she has been one of the country's most active sportswomen off the track. As a member of a dynamic clan of sports doers (duPonts race, ride, hunt, fly, glide and even float around in balloons), Allaire is a shade less active today than she was as the young wife of Richard C. duPont in the years before World War II. But not much. She only recently gave up being Master of Foxhounds for the Vicmead Hunt, located near her 800-acre Woodstock Farm in Chesapeake City, Md., but still turns out regularly to follow the hounds as a member of the hunt. One thing she has given up is flying. "My husband was crazy about flying," she says, "and just before the war he got very interested in gliding. We used to go up to Elmer, N.Y. regularly to glide. At one time, I held both the ladies' altitude record, probably about 5,000 feet, and the endurance record—just a couple of hours, I think. Of course, the only reason I held the records, I'm sure, is that there weren't many other lady glider pilots at the time."

Richard duPont went off to war as a special assistant to Air Force General Hap Arnold and took part in the invasion of Sicily. Brought home to test the newest gliders, he was killed in a crash in California in 1943. After the war Allaire gave up flying for good, but her children continue the family tradition. Richard Jr., 26, served as a pilot for Mohawk Airlines for a year and now owns and manages

the airport at Middletown, Del., where he also has the Cessna dealership. Allaire's only daughter, Lana, 24, is a licensed pilot herself, but her forte is horses—not so much in racing (although she has a few in her own name with Carl Hanford) as in riding. She is now, in fact, in training at Gladstone, N.J. for a try at making the 1964 Olympic equestrian teams a three-day-event specialist. Her chances of making it may not be 1 to 9, but they are at least even money.

Allaire duPont's racing operation does not compare with the major stables. She has only six horses with Hanford and another half a dozen yearlings on the farm. She has 14 broodmares and one stallion that she owns outright. In addition to these modest holdings, Mrs. duPont owns shares in the syndication of such stallions as Princequillo, Turn-to, Nantallah, Ambiorix, Pied d'Or and Ambehaving, the last probably the best horse she herself owned until Kelso came along.

Kelso was foaled in 1957, the product of Mrs. duPont's Count Fleet mare, Maid of Flight, and the California sprinter, Your Host, whose bravery Allaire admired after he broke a leg but survived to stand successfully at stud. Allaire named him for her friend, Mrs. Kelso Everett, who ran a bureau for people who wanted to play host to their friends and needed advice.

When he was a yearling, it was decided to geld Kelso. He was not particularly intractable—one frequent reason for gelding—but he was a smallish colt. Gelding horses appeals to many trainers because it often promotes their growth, and they also become more manageable. The decision, in which Mrs. duPont concurred, may have cost her close to a million dollars in potential stud fees, but this does not seem to bother her in the least.

At that stage in his life, no one could foresee the quality that lay hidden inside Kelso's scrawny frame, and though he is just about flawless as a runner today, he has never impressed anyone as a picture horse. In his 2-year-old season Kelso raced only three times—winning once, placing twice and earning the grand total of \$3,380. The following year he started to hit his stride. Brought along slowly and cautiously, however, Kelso was not trained for any of the Triple Crown races. This is one reason why the general racing public has taken four years to recognize his greatness—a Kentucky Derby winner automatically becomes a hero on the strength of one much-publicized victory.

After a loss in Chicago in midsummer of 1960, Kelso was unbeatable: six successive wins, earnings of \$293,310 and his first Horse of the Year title. The next year he won seven of nine starts, \$425,565 and another title. In 1962, six wins in 12 races and his third title.

When will Allaire duPont retire her star? Well, she is already making plans for a winter campaign at either Hialeah or Santa Anita after Laurel. Gazing at him fondly and seriously the other day, she remarked, "Oh, you know, one of these days the bubble will burst. But until it does he'll race as long as he can run with the best, hold his own with the best and seems to be enjoying it. If he's ever hurting he'll come home to the farm. That's where he belongs, and he may enjoy that, too."

FOR A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT VIEW OF RACING, TURN THE PAGE



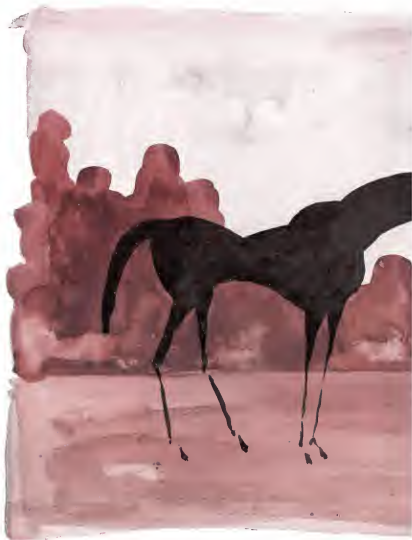
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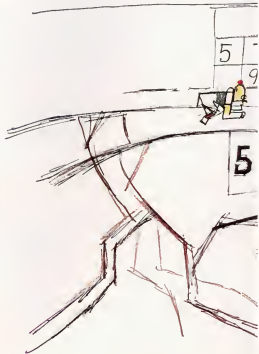
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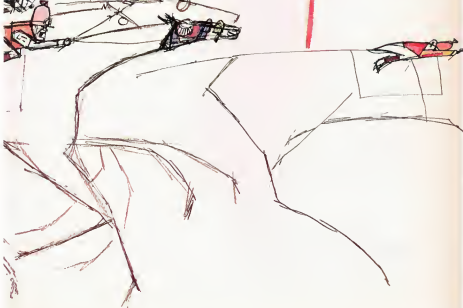


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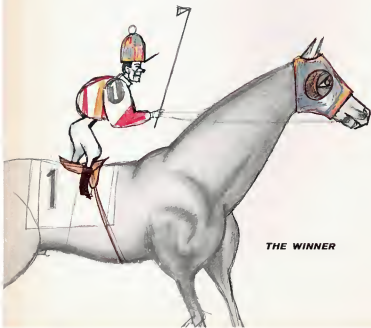
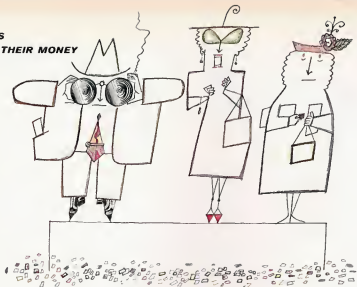




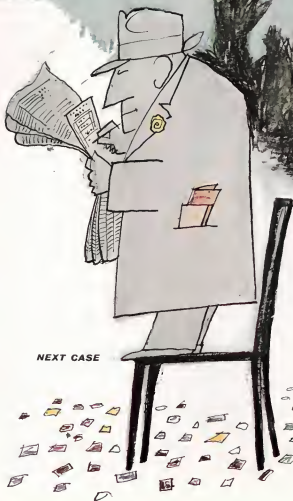
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THE WINNER



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'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC



Best thing since Napoleon

Birthplace of the French emperor, the Mediterranean isle of Corsica now boasts a slightly inhuman rally that can break the best of drivers

To the breed of motorist that takes part in international rallies, the most rugged in all Europe is the Tour of Corsica. Others are more famous, longer or slightly more dangerous in catastrophic weather, but for ear-breaking torture in a concentrated patch nothing else equals the "rally of 10,000 curves." The tour lasts 23 hours, covers close to 820 miles and contains not 10,000 but 17,000 separate and distinct curves. Included among them is the blind, rock-bordered bend coming up in the picture at left.

The art of programming a bang-up (phrase used advisedly) rally consists of setting an average speed that is slightly higher than it is humanly possible to maintain. In Corsica the magic number is about 35 mph, which seems low but is in fact a very enterprising rate of speed that few drivers ever approach. (On Argentina's easier course this week rally cars averaged 80 mph, much slower than the 150 mph attained by racing cars. Yet three drivers were killed on the first day.) This means that when the 1963 Tour of Corsica begins this weekend there will be few tenderfeet among the entrants. In 1961 two comely Sarah Lawrence graduates showed up with a friend's Ferrari and gained a certain distinction by scouting the route by taxi. This was not wholly quixotic; professionals commonly use "donkey" cars for preliminary tests. The Sarah Lawrence girls chickened before the start, however, possibly because wrecked Ferraris are expensive items to explain away.

Customarily, fewer than one-third of the 90 or so tour cars manage to finish. A glance at the picture indicates why: a narrow, ill-defined, twisting road with a treacherous, gravelly surface, bordered on one side by unresistant rocks and trees and on the other by a chasm. Actually, this is not a bad road by Corsican standards. From here the route goes up

into sketchy mountain trails better suited to the mouflon, those elusive, wild local sheep that sometimes forget to look before they cross the road.

Still, no one has been killed or even badly injured in a Corsica rally, although last year Olivier Gendebien, the Belgian Grand Prix driver, and two Corsicans neglected to swerve when the road did and all three toppled down a ravine, miraculously without serious injury. Some 600 of the island's gendarmes keep the public—if not the sheep—off the rally roads, and doctors, nurses, ambulances, wreckers and fire trucks are dispersed along the route, ready for immediate rescue work.

Native Corsicans are extravagantly proud of fellow islanders who compete. They leave their lemon and olive groves on rally day and select viewing spots in the maquis—the lowland brush of myrtle, honeysuckle and rosemary—or in the upland chestnut and oak forests. "Here comes a Corsican," one will say. "That one is a Continental," another will call. How do they distinguish? "When you hear the brakes screeching you can be sure it is a Continental. Corsicans don't use the brakes." And they frequently win the tour because of their damn-the-obstacles brio.

To the uninitiated, such events as the tour may seem to be mere demolition derbies put on to satisfy the appetites of madcap drivers. On the contrary, they are serious tests of cars and drivers in which Europe's foremost automakers strive vigorously to excel. The public believes, and rightly so, that the car winning a tour possesses strength and stamina. Organizers just as rightly believe that a rally can put a place on the map. "This rally," said one competitor, "is the best thing that has happened to Corsica since Napoleon." Reported another: "You mean it is the only thing."

END

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL / Gwilym Brown

A big man in any league

When Northern Illinois Quarterback George Bork throws the ball, his team wins, records tumble and pro scouts come running



Like the claims of a patent medicine pitchman, the spectacular Saturday afternoon statistics produced by football stars from the small colleges should be judged with healthy suspicion. Although strong tonic for the local fans, the flurries of touchdowns, the long runs and the passing averages that read like election returns are usually made against opposition as fierce as paper tigers.

But then there is the case of George Paul Bork, who last week had another dazzling aerial afternoon. Bork, a slender but remarkably nimble quarterback, led Northern Illinois to a taut 29-22 victory over archrival Western Illinois. In doing so, he completed 27 of 45 passes for 371 yards and four touchdowns. With one game remaining in his busy career, Bork has now thrown more passes (834), completed more (534) for more yardage (6,366) and more touchdowns (58) than any college player in history. This Saturday against Central Michigan he will have a chance to increase the single-season marks of 2,661 yards gained passing and 30 scoring passes already established by him this year, and to break the records for attempts (356) and completions (232) he set last year.

Bork, who has compiled the major

part of these records in his last two years of competition, seems too fantastic to be genuine, yet some 20 scouts from professional teams have trooped onto the flat, sprawling Northern Illinois campus in De Kalb to see him.

"Scouting college players is guesswork at best," said hefty Lynn Waldorf, the former Kansas State, Northwestern and California coach who now bird-dogs for the San Francisco 49ers and was in De Kalb last Thursday to watch Bork. "But, regardless of the opposition, there are certain things you look for in a potential pro quarterback. First, he must be able to get the ball away quickly without a wind-up. Second, he should be able to throw off balance. Third, he should be able to dodge tacklers and still throw. Fourth, when his primary receiver is covered he should be able to quickly spot his secondary receiver. George has this equipment. That's why he's got such a fine record. And some of these small colleges play in a pretty tough league."

"Too many college quarterbacks who can throw the long bomb are actually getting away with something they wouldn't be able to get away with in our league," said Joe Thomas, head scout for the Minnesota Vikings, who showed

up at the practice field the day after Waldorf had left it. "They take a big, long wind-up. You'll notice Bork never winds up. He takes a quick pump and lets it fly, short or long. He has amazingly quick wrists. The only problem with Bork is, he is strong enough? Can he take a beating and still bounce back?"

Bork is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs only 168 pounds, but his hands are large and his wrists long and strong and the pros think he can be fattened up. He grasps the football toward its tail end and so much out on the extremity of his fingers that the palm of his hand does not contact the leather of the ball at any point. When he throws, it is with the quick, wrist-snapping motion of a man firing darts. The ball is spun free with almost the same counterclockwise rotation of the wrist and fingers that a right-handed baseball pitcher would use in breaking off a fadeaway curve to a left-handed batter. This final, deft flip, Bork's coach, Howard Fletcher, claims, keeps the nose of the football up, making it easy for receivers to catch.

Fletcher realized that he had something very special when Bork came to

college, and he provided his team with an offense to take advantage of the passing—the shotgun. The ends are split wide, the two halfbacks and the fullback arrayed close behind the line of scrimmage, and Bork, as isolated as a tree on a bare prairie, takes his station eight to 10 yards back of the center. When Northern Illinois has the ball there is little doubt that the play is a pass. Bork usually has five receivers breaking downfield. This puts a great deal of pressure on Northern Illinois' five blocking linemen, but part of Bork's success stems from this quarter's mobile effectiveness.

Bork also has three receivers who can catch practically anything they touch. At one end is lanky Hugh Rohrschneider, a 6-foot-4, 205-pound farm boy from nearby Burlington, who has already drawn several long, searching looks from the Green Bay Packers. Last year Rohrschneider set an alltime college record of 76 receptions and this week against Central Michigan has an excellent chance to break the season record of 13 touchdown receptions and the career total of 176 passes caught, set by Washington State's Hugh Campbell. The other end is 6-foot

Gary Stearns, who looks like a small-college version of the Philadelphia Eagles' Tommy McDonald. Bork's third favorite target is Jack Dean, a wispy, 5-foot-8 running back, who leads the team in rushing but seldom gets the opportunity to perform his speciality.

While searching downfield for his receivers, Bork is still able to sidestep the few tacklers that his linemen miss. He will backpedal swiftly, move up into a protective pocket or scamper frantically from one side of the field to the other. Bork calls the plays, but he is instructed by Coach Fletcher never to run the ball himself. Approximately 80% of the Huskies offense is passing—from anywhere and at any time.

Bork has made Fletcher's shotgun offense both exciting and consistently effective. So far this year it has brought Northern Illinois an undefeated season, unanimous ranking as the No. 1 small-college team in the country and fame—if not fortune—to the little town of De Kalb (population 11,000), located in the corn-growing plains of Illinois, 70 miles west of Chicago. The area is so flat that a small boy in a tall tree can see almost as

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

far as he can ride a bicycle in a day's time. The picture at the university, however, is strictly up, up, up. In 1956 when Fletcher was called in as head football coach, the school was called Northern Illinois State College, had an undergraduate enrollment of 3,676 students (a majority of them coeds) and a football team that had won six games and lost 29 in four seasons. Today the school has achieved university status, an undergraduate enrollment of 8,000 that is increasing at the rate of 22% each year and a football team with a 34-10 record over the last five years. Football attendance at the school's rustic, 7,500-seat playing field has jumped from an average of 5,000 a game to almost 10,000, and the squeeze is not just in the seats.

"We are experiencing growing pains all right," says Athletic Director George Evans. "We're expanding so fast that we are getting too big for the rest of our conference [the Interstate Intercollegiate Athletic Conference]. We like them, but they might not like us pretty soon. We have to decide what our future policy is going to be."

Nothing has been said as yet, but the chances are future policy may involve major-college status and the Mid-American Conference, which includes perennially strong Bowling Green, Miami of Ohio and Ohio U. Naturally the sudden eminence of George Bork and the rest of the football team has not hurt the school's chances in this direction.

"Our national prominence has come at just the right time," said Fred Rolfe, a professor in NIU's chemistry department and chairman of the athletic board. He stood outside the tiny football field on the morning of NIU's last home game of the year, discussing plans for the new 22,300-seat stadium that should be ready for 1965. "It has had great impact on our program. We have a good one, 11 sports, and honestly administered. No under-the-table payments to football stars and only a modest grant-in-aid program. No one gets a free ride here. We have also tightened up our academic requirements for entrance. The fact that 12 seniors will be playing their last home game today may not be reassuring to Coach Fletcher, but I consider it a luxury. In the past our players had flunked out before their senior year."

The fact that Bork is one of these seniors is also a source of concern to the student body and the Huskie Boosters

club downtown. It will be a long time before anyone in De Kalb has a chance to see the likes of George Bork again.

"I'll be sorry to see him go," said Howard Nelson, president of the De Kalb Trust & Savings Bank, one of the ardent members of the Booster club. "He has made such an interesting game of it... just like the pros do it."

"Whenever I used to tell people I was at NIU," recalls Terry Peters, sports editor of the undergraduate paper, *The Northern Star*, "They'd say, 'Oh yeah. De Kalb Teachers.' It was my pet peeve. Well, now everyone's talking about the football team and George Bork. They're not talking teachers anymore."

Last week the local fans had their last chance to watch their national hero. On a cold, bright afternoon, the band was set to spell out B-O-R-K at the half time and play *You Gotta Be a Football Hero*, and the crowd was set for fireworks. They got them from all directions. Three times Western Illinois, aroused by this chance to knock off No. 1, went ahead, and three times Bork's passing brought his team up to a tie and finally in front. At one point, on its own three-yard line, on second down with 11 to go, Northern made a daring first down on a jump pass by Bork over the middle. Then, early in the fourth quarter, as the Huskies trailed 22-16, Bork managed the kind of play that has made the pro scouts drool. Western had pulled in tight to protect against his short, sharp passes. Now, with the ball on the 34, second down and 11 for a first down, Bork called for a long pass. Taking the center snap 10 yards behind the line of scrimmage, Bork ran around one charging lineman, dodged another and then with what seemed to be the merest flick of his forearm, lofted a high, long pass down the left sideline. It was taken in full flight by Stearns, who galloped the remaining 30 yards for the score.

Bork is an amiable, if quiet, young man. He has blond, crew-cut hair, but his narrow face and long bony nose make him look like a pale-faced American Indian. He plays his hero's role with an Indian's stoicism.

"I never think about the records or anything like that when I'm playing," he says. "I pass a lot because that's what the coach thinks is best for us. And you can't fault the results." You cannot, any more than you can fault George Paul Bork. He is a small-college quarterback, but he is bound to go early in the pro drafts. He is as good as his records,

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ILLINOIS (9-0) 2. OKLAHOMA (8-1) 3. OHIO STATE (6-4-0)

The Big Ten leaders—Illinois, Ohio State and Michigan State—were nervously bracing for the stretch run to the Rose Bowl. The best bet to win: Ohio State, which, thoughtfully, arranged the easiest schedule.

As usual, the masterminding in the Big Ten was immense. Illinois' Pete Elliott planned to go wide against Purdue, but the wise Bollweckers spoiled his plans when they sent their monster linebacker with the man in motion. It was the nicest thing that could have happened to the Illini. Fullback Jim Grabowski went careening up the middle for 99 yards and three touchdowns, and Purdue's strategy collapsed like a soggy bag. Illinois won 41-21.

Ohio State's Woody Hayes was just as full of little surprises. When his Buckeyes got into trouble against Iowa, Woody switched Tom Barrington, his new 206-pound sophomore quarterback, to left half. Barrington churned through the Hawkeys for 44 yards in a 73-yard drive that ended with Fullback Matt Snell going over from the three. Ohio State won 7-3. Where will Barrington play next week? "Buy a program and see," chortled Hayes, that old legendarianist.

Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty was less glibful. After his Spartans spotted Wisconsin a 7-6 lead and then lost their quarterback, Steve Judy, with an injury, Duffy sent in Dick Proebstle and hoped for the best. He got it. The big MSU line pushed the Badgers around dreadfully and Proebstle took the Spartans in for three touchdowns as Michigan State won 30-13.

MICHIGAN'S Bump Elliott borrowed a pass-rush defense from Michigan State and beat Northwestern with it 27-6. Minnesota, magnanimous to a fault, gave up the ball six times on fumbles and interceptions and grateful INDIANA took the game 24-6.

ARMY and NAVY mounted a small-scale invasion of the Midwest and came away pleased. In Chicago, Army went at Air Force with Coach Paul Dietzel's good old ball-control football. Even when the Falcons went ahead 10-7 with six minutes to go, the Cadets played their game. They powered 48 yards to the Air Force 17, and on fourth and two halfback Ken Waldrop, who had scored earlier, barreled in to win for Army 14-10. At South Bend, Navy's Roger Staubach prodded stodgy Notre Dame off balance with his pretty passes (for two touchdowns), Fullback Pat Donnelly bombed away at the mids, and the Irish succumbed 35-14.

NEBRASKA's Bob Devaney was wary of Missouri. "On offense," he said, "they say 'here we come.' On defense, they dare you."

Quarterback Dennis Claidge and his Huskers made a few errors, but Missouri made more. The Tigers missed an extra-point placement, failed on a two-point attempt and Nebraska eked it out 13-12 to take the Big Eight lead.

But OKLAHOMA was close behind. The Sooners pounded away at Colorado until the poor Bulls gave in 35-0. KANSAS clobbered Kansas State 34-0. Oklahoma State's Mike Miller embarrassed SOWA STATE with his passing (15 completions for 201 yards), but the Cyclones held on to win 33-28.

Bowling Green was no longer unbeaten as it fell to MIAMI 21-12, and MARSHALL, a 20-7 winner over Western Michigan, took the lead in the Mid-American.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. AUBURN (9-0) 2. MISSISSIPPI (5-0-0) 3. MEMPHIS STATE (3-0-0)

ALABAMA, which lost to its only other serious opponent this season (Florida), found another lead sinker on its French-pastry schedule. Twice "Bama had to come from behind to keep Mississippi State down 20-19. State piled up a 12-3 lead before the Tide came back with Joe Namath's 40-yard pass to Jimmy Dill and Tim Davis' field goal. Wasting no time, State's Don Bland took the second-half kickoff 49 yards, and Larry Swearingen soon went in from the four. Only fine Namath running and passing saved Alabama with a final touchdown.

AUBURN'S Jimmy Side again outgained the opposition all by himself as the Plainsmen turned back Florida 19-0. Running 134 yards and passing 70 to the Gators' 176, Side scored once on a 25-yard picture run and set up two field goals by Woody Woodall. Auburn's supposedly weak defense allowed Florida just one first down in the first half and 52 yards rushing all afternoon.

"We played the perfect game," said Johnny Vaughn after MISSISSIPPI'S 37-3 drubbing of LSU. Setting the pattern on the third play, Ole Miss blocked a quick kick. Three plays later Fullback Fred Roberts turned it into a touchdown, his first of three. Quarterback Jim Weatherly scored one touchdown, passed for another, one of seven completions in seven attempts. The wonder was that exhausted and crippled LSU had not collapsed before now.

The state of Georgia and the SEC took on the state of North Carolina and the ACC Saturday. The result was a draw. GEORGIA TECH and Billy Lettrich, who kicked three field goals for an NCAA record of 19 and passed to two scores, humbled Duke 30-6, but NORTH CAROLINA punished Georgia 28-7. Equaling its season total with 13 points in the first quarter, TULANE beat

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

South Carolina 20-7 and snapped the nation's longest major-college losing streak at 17. MIAMI defeated Kentucky 20-14 as Halfback Pete Banaszak's runs complemented George Mira's passes. Winning its sixth without a loss, MEMPHIS STATE crushed Louisville 25-0, in a game marked by 10 fumbles. PENN STATE edged Maryland 17-15 on a 66-yard down-the-middle pass play from Pete Lukse to Gary Klingensmith.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NAVY (6-4)
2. PITT (5-4) 3. SYRACUSE (5-3)

A sign on a PITT Homecoming float ominously warned Syracuse, "We will bury you." The threat seemed to be ill advised.

THE BEST

BACKS OF THE WEEK: PITT Quarterback Fred Mazurek scored two touchdowns, threw passes for a third and for two conversions, completed 12 of 21 attempts for 136 yards and gained 119 yards on the ground. Equally as effective was Baylor's Don Trail, who completed 20 of 40 passes, got one touchdown passing and three more running. His chief target, Flanker Back-Lucemas of the Week Larry Elkins, caught 10 of those passes for 116 yards, has 591 yards on 44 receptions.

when the Orangemen, despite the absence of three ailing backs (Walley Mahle, Jim Nance and Bill Schoonover), rolled to a 21-8 half-time lead. Then, in the third quarter, Pitt's Fred Mazurek got busy. Running a new keeper play that Coach John Michelosen had put in for the occasion, Mazurek faked deftly to his fullback inside and his halfbacks outside, then followed them through the big but suddenly meek Syracuse line. When he caught the stunting Orangemen with their linebackers in, he flipped little hook passes to his ends. Mazurek ran 41 yards for a score and passed for two points. Paul Maritz slammed over from the one, Mazurek threw to End Al Grigulunas for 13 yards, and Pitt went ahead 28-21. Back came Syracuse on a 52-yard pass play from Rich King to Mike Koski, and the score was 28-27. The Orange went for two points, but Pitt stopped King and just before the end Rick Leeson burst over from the three to insure a 35-27 win.

Mazurek was not the only eastern quarterback who enjoyed himself Saturday. BOSTON COLLEGE's Jack Concannon threw for one touchdown, ran for another and sent Jim McGowan on his way to a 30-yard sprint with a slick hand-off as Vanderbilt fell 19-6. DELAWARE's Chuck Zolak passed for 20 points as the unbeaten Hens bombed Buffalo 34-6.

Life among the Ivies was getting poison-
continued



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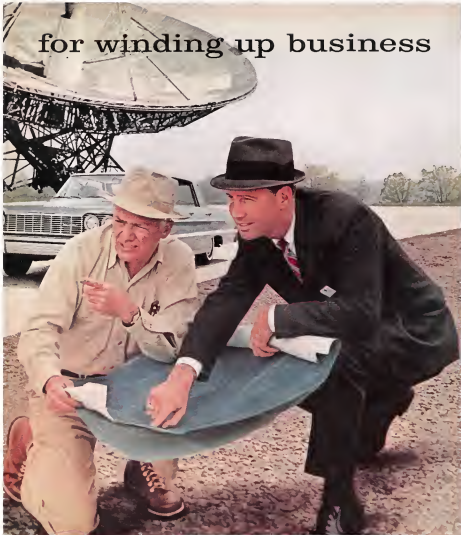
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ous. Harvard, so impeccably precise against Dartmouth a week earlier, came up fumbling and bumbling against last-place PENN and got upset 7-2. YALE, beginning to shape up under new Coach Johnny Pons, beat Dartmouth 10-6 on Chuck Mercein's extra point and 20-yard field goal. Yet undefeated PRINCETON's puissant forces relied on Cosmo Iacavazzi's bullish charges (for three scores) swatted Brown 34-13. At Ithaca, Gary Wood's touchdown in the closing seconds, and Bob Baker's two-point run overtook Columbia 18-17 for CORNELL.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (4-2)
2. UEC (4-2) 3. OREGON STATE (4-2)

Before the season began, USC Coach John McKay stated that WASHINGTON should be favored to win the Big Six title. Sure enough, Washington upset his ninth-ranked Trojans 22-7. Said McKay, "That makes me a helluva prophet or a poor coach." Or maybe the Huskies are a good team just finding themselves. Washington Fullback Junior Coffey's power up the middle, Quarterback Bill Douglas' bullets and Halfback Dave Kopay's runs were neither back nor bad coaching.

Missing injured Back Mel Renfro, Bob Berry and Larry Hall, Oregon was bushwhacked by SAN JOSE 13-7. San Jose gained not a single first down and only 10 yards in the first half, yet led 13-0. Jerry Colletto had returned an Oregon punt 91 yards and Dennis Parker had raced 75 yards on an interception. CALIFORNIA used no such black arts in routing UCLA 25-0. Running well for the first time, Cal just overpowered the Bruins. OREGON STATE was even less occult. The Beavers simply whipped Stanford's best line in years with a better line to win 10-7. Wyoming was upset 15-7 by ARIZONA. Tied

7-7, the Cowpokes stopped Arizona on the one-foot line. Then Arizona's Jim Pazenski and John Fouse smacked Fullback Wayne Linton for a safety, and Floyd Huslow took the ensuing Wyoming kickoff 69 yards for the winning touchdown. ARIZONA STATE belated Utah 30-22, and UTAH STATE pounded Brigham Young 26-0.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (7-0)
2. BAYLOR (6-1) 3. ARKANSAS (4-3)

TEXAS plays defense and BAYLOR plays offense, and Saturday the twain meet. The lines are as clearly drawn for the showdown between Texas' conservative Darrell Royal and Baylor's daring John Bridgers as they would be for a Kennedy-Goldwater election race.

For the sixth straight week Texas scored the first time it got possession against SMU as Tailback Tommy Ford ignited the drive with a 50-yard run. But for the third straight week, the burden of its No. 1 rating became almost too heavy for the Longhorns. The ultimate margin in the 17-12 victory was the stocking-foot placement kicking of Tony Crosby, who booted two extra points and his seventh field goal.

If Royal was attempting to save anything for Baylor, he may need those surprises. The Bears' Don Trull bombarded TCU with 20 passes for 273 yards (he leads the nation) and Flanker Larry Elkins, insulting TCU's double coverage, caught 10 (he also leads the nation), as Baylor won 32-13.

Since ARKANSAS Coach Frank Broyles never loses in November, the Razorbacks finally were playing up to predicted form after dropping three games by a total of nine points. Billy Gray ran for one touchdown, passed for two more and Broyles had his 19th November win. This time Texas A&M was the victim, by 21-7. RICE kept its title hopes alive, defeating Texas Tech 17-3.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Princeton over Harvard. The Tigers' talented backs should prove Harvard's good defense.

Pitt over Notre Dame. With more finesse, Pitt appears stronger in the line, too.

Ohio State over Penn State. All that Buckeye manpower will wear down the Lions.

Michigan State over Purdue. State's swift Sherm Lewis is hard to catch, much less hold.

Wisconsin over Northwestern. Northwestern's forces grow thinner every week.

Nebraska over Kansas. Getting through that big Husker line is a problem.

Auburn over Mississippi State. Sidle will find a way to crack State's tough defense.

LSU over TCU. LSU's seemingly endless supply of sophomores makes the difference.

Texas over Baylor. But the Longhorns will have to stop Baylor's excellent passing game.

Arkansas over Rice. The quick little Hogs should smother Rice's passes.

OTHER GAMES

AIR FORCE OVER UCLA
ALBANY OVER UTAH
FLORIDA OVER GEORGIA
GEORGIA TECH OVER FLORIDA STATE
MINNESOTA OVER IOWA
NORTH CAROLINA STATE OVER VA TECH
OREGON OVER WASHINGTON STATE
SMU OVER TEXAS A&M
SYRACUSE OVER WEST VIRGINIA
USC OVER STANFORD

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

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Twenty-five college football players from the class of 1939 receive the annual Sports Illustrated Silver Anniversary Award for distinguished activities and mature citizenship in the years since they graduated



They met the challenges of a changing era

Men who were playing college football in the fall of 1938 faced a singular experience: a new period of history took shape more visibly for them than for any previous college generation. In their case, the dividing line was obvious. The Munich crisis reached its climax at one o'clock on Saturday morning, October 1, 1938, when 600 gray-clad German soldiers crossed the border to begin the occupation of Czechoslovakia. In a few stunned hours the world came to the realization that war was not only threatening but imminent. In the U.S. the knowledge was forcibly borne home that the nation's detachment from world affairs had ended. But for the men who were college seniors—including the 25 winners of the Silver Anniversary Awards named on the following pages—the drama came down to a finer point of tension. They were on the playing fields the day the crisis unfolded, and for many of them the world passed from one period to another almost between the opening kickoff and the final whistle of their football games.

Otherwise, October 1, 1938 was not unusual. A trace of rain fell in Richmond, Va., and a few drops in Salt Lake City, but elsewhere it was a day of unbroken sunshine that greeted the opening of the college football season. Columbia was playing Yale, Notre Dame met Kansas, Texas Christian faced Arkansas, Southern Cal was at Oregon State. Most of the 1,350,000 U.S. college students were following such games. "We weren't indifferent to the world situation," said Fred Heitmann, one of this year's Silver Award winners. "But Great Britain, Germany and Poland seemed a

long way off. . . . We were concerned with winning football games, getting good grades, trying to keep alive financially."

Raymond Frey, another award winner, remembers standing that morning on a downtown corner in Annville, Pa. and watching some girls who were also waiting for a ride to Lebanon Valley College five miles away. The girls were picked up first, but Frey reached school in time for his four-hour botany lab. The reason he remembers is that he played for Lebanon Valley that afternoon, "and we got creamed by Franklin and Marshall, 27-12." Award winner John Hlavacek recalls being so busy with science labs and sports at Carleton College that Europe was infinitely remote. As for the game that day—"All I know is that we lost," he says. "I'm sure of that, because we won only one game all season, the last one."

There were 41,728 spectators at the Pittsburgh-Temple game that Saturday in Philadelphia, a large crowd by Depression era standards, and 50,000 appeared for the Rose Festival in Tyler, Texas, an extravaganza highlighted by a football game between Texas A&M and Tulsa. More than flawless weather attracted the crowds. They were drawn by performers like Marshall Goldberg of Pitt, or Duvey O'Brien of Texas Christian, or Vic Bottari of California, All-Americans then and award winners now; and they were drawn, too, by a new mood of optimism that was manifesting itself around the country. The movies were crowded: the Marx Brothers in *Room Service*, and the first full-length cartoon, *Snow White and the Seven*

Dwarfs. Two new Broadway shows had just opened, both hits: Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin* and Clare Boothe Luce's *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*. The sports news even offered a laugh in keeping with the times: the misadventures of Jack Doyle, the Irish heavyweight. In a fight with Billy Phillips that week he missed with a terrific right, spun clear around, lost his footing, fell through the ropes, landed on his head and knocked himself out. Seen against preoccupations like these, the occupation of Czechoslovakia was indeed remote.

Whatever part the U.S. plays in world affairs in the future, there is not likely ever again to be the same sense of unreality about the international scene that existed 25 years ago. During World War II and in the postwar decades American ideals and character were tested, as they are still being tested today. Foreign news is now an eminent concern. Every part of American life, including sport, has changed as a result of the national experience in reaching beyond the national boundaries. The men of the generation that played football in 1938 moved, virtually overnight, from college into the demands of war and international responsibility. Because they were the last to play football in a time of relative innocence and can recall their sport as it was then, and because they have watched sporting attitudes change just as other attitudes have changed, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has asked this year's Silver Anniversary Award winners for a special report—a commentary on the increasingly difficult ethical problems of college sport, and especially college football. Their views will be presented in a forthcoming issue.

EDWARD J. BOCK, Iowa State

A 210-pound All-America guard, he made immediate use of his engineering education, beginning his career with the Monsanto Chemical Co., where he is now vice-president and general manager of the inorganic chemicals division.

VICTOR BOTTARI, California

The Golden Bears upset mighty Alabama 13-0 in the 1938 Rose Bowl, and the man most responsible was All-America Halfback Bottari. He went on to train Navy pilots and served aboard the U.S.S. *Enterprise* before starting his present insurance business in the San Francisco area. He has twice been executive head of the board of education in Berkeley.

EMILIO Q. DADDARIO, Westeyon

Quarterback and team captain in his senior year, he was a pro back for the Providence Steam Rollers after graduation (using the proceeds of his weekend games to put himself through law school), a second lieutenant with the OSS in the Mediterranean theater and also served in the Korean war. He is now in his third term as a U.S. Congressman from Connecticut.

JOHN W. DOBSON, Army

A left end for the Cadets, he recalls best the pass he dropped on the Navy five-yard line in his final game, but teammates remember him for his savage tackles all season long. He commanded the First Ranger Battalion in Italy. Wounded and captured, he later escaped. He is now a brigadier general, heading the Antilles Command in Puerto Rico.

RAYMOND T. FREY, Lebanon Valley

A dedicated student who often hitchhiked the five miles to college, he worked hard for grades good enough to justify his four-year football scholarship. Blinded in a 1943 wartime training accident (a dynamite explosion) at Camp Carson, Colo., he turned to rehabilitation work with

maimed war veterans. He is now a therapist at the Lebanon Veterans Administration Hospital.

ROBERT W. GIBSON, Dartmouth

The center on a team that won seven of nine games in 1938, he became a naval aviator and saw extensive duty in the Pacific. After the war he and two classmates secured control of the Toro Manufacturing Corp., a Minneapolis lawn-mower concern that grew even faster than suburban grass. He became vice-president in charge of marketing.

MARSHALL GOLDBERG, Pittsburgh

One of football's great ballcarriers, he was twice an All-American for the Panthers. His 10-year career with the Chicago Cardinals was interrupted by service as an LST gunnery officer in the Pacific. He is now a vice-president of the Emerman Machinery Corp. in Chicago.

ROBERT L. GREEN JR., Harvard

Captain of the Crimson in 1938, he served with the Navy and returned to Cambridge, where he earned his doctorate at the Episcopal Theological School. Active in civic projects, he is now the rector of St. Matthew's Parish in Wilton, Conn.

ROBERT J. GREENBAUM, Chicago

One of the stubborn contenders who held the teams together in the oh-so-awful final seasons of Big Ten football at Chicago, he served four years in naval aviation in the Pacific and returned to become president of Inland Steel Products Co. He has continued his University of Chicago ties by serving as a member of the executive committee of the Graduate School of Business.

DANIEL F. HANLEY, Bowdoin

Left end on one of his school's best teams—it lost only one game—he went on to Columbia, where he received his M.D. He was a medical officer in the China-Burma-India area.

Now Bowdoin's college physician, he is noted for his research into the treatment and prevention of athletic injuries.

FRED W. HEITMANN JR., Northwestern

He was a first-string guard on the team that held powerful Michigan and Ohio State to scoreless ties. A teller, he returned to banking after three years in the Army, has since become president of Chicago's Northwest National Bank.

MARTIN F. HILFINGER, Hamilton

His 1938 team did not win a game, but Co-Captain Hilfinger made up for any athletic disappointments with his scholastic record. A Phi Beta Kappa, he went on to receive his M.D. *summa cum laude* at the Syracuse University College of Medicine. Following three years as a captain in the Army Medical Corps, he returned to Syracuse, where he now is on the staff of several hospitals, teaches and is involved in numerous cancer-research projects.

JOHN HLAVACEK, Carleton

A tackle on the field and a mathematician off, he went to north China in 1939 to teach English at the Fenchow Mission School. In 1944 he found himself involved in a desperate effort to help Chinese refugees fleeing from the invading Japanese army. Trapped almost by accident in the swirl of world events, he decided to make them his business. A foreign correspondent, he now represents the National Broadcasting Company in the Caribbean.

JEROME H. HOLLAND, Cornell

An All-American end on a successful Cornell team, he became a yard director of personnel at the Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company in Chester, Pa. during the war. Getting a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, he began a distinguished career in education. He is president of Hampton Institute in Hampton, Va.

continued

GILBERT W. HUMPHREY, Yale

Navy men saw plenty of him in 1938, when he threw a touchdown pass against them, then beat them with a field goal. The Navy then got him as commanding officer of the U.S.S. *Hymen*, a destroyer stationed in the Pacific. He joined the M. A. Hanna Company, is now its chairman.

HOWARD L. JONES, Colgate

A fullback and All-America goalie on Colgate's hockey team, he spent three years as a pilot in the European Air Transport Command before returning to Colgate as a faculty member in the education department. His interest in education never diminished. He is now president of Northfield and Mt. Hermon preparatory schools in Northfield, Mass., and for the past two years has been working to help establish the first college in the Virgin Islands.

V. EARL McCALEB, Abilene Christian

Co-captain of his team in college, he became a radioman on planes carrying troops over The Hump, where he won the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross. Now an insurance agent in his home town of Anson, Texas, he is mayor, hospital director, school-board member and chairman of the library committee. He has helped

bring the town numerous civic improvements, including a new hospital and a new water supply system.

DONALD McNEIL, Southern California

He was the Trojan center and captain, and Duke found him a hard man to budge in the 1939 Rose Bowl, where he led his team to a 7-3 upset win. After three years in the Marine Corps, he began a remarkable career in construction. He now heads the J. A. McNeil Company, which has built such structures as atomic centers, Air Force computer facilities and a rocket sled track.

RAY H. MONTGOMERY, DePauw

A left guard on the DePauw team, he moved on to Yale, where he received his bachelor of divinity degree. Since 1957 he has been pastor of the Christian Church in Speedway, Ind., where he has built the congregation into the 18th largest of the 8,000 Disciples of Christ Churches.

ROBERT O. O'BRIEN, Texas Christian

His passing made the Horned Frogs the country's best team in 1938. He took his talent into the pros, where, as a quarterback for the Philadelphia Eagles, he was one of the first to make that game a wide-open aerial circus. In 1940 he joined the FBI, working

as an agent and an instructor in the FBI academy. He now owns his own oil company in Fort Worth.

WILLIAM T. OSMANSKI, Holy Cross

Nobody has worn No. 25 for the Crusaders since this famous fullback. He worked his way through Northwestern's dental school by playing brilliant ball for the Chicago Bears. A marine for three years, he served at an evacuation hospital in Okinawa. He now lectures at Northwestern, practices dentistry and serves on two hospital staffs.

FRANK C. RADELO, Lehigh

A tough right tackle, he worked during the summers for Bethlehem Steel, an association that still continues. He is now assistant to Bethlehem's president and is active in supporting local Boy Scout camps and in alumni work on Lehigh's \$22 million expansion plans.

ALLIE P. REYNOLDS, Oklahoma State

Better known as a baseball player in college, he pitched a no-hitter in his final game. On the football field he was noted for his punting. Part Indian, "The Chief" won 51 games in four years as a pitcher with Cleveland, and then rose to his greatest heights as he helped the Yankees take six pennants. Since retiring in 1954, he has established his own oil-equipment supply company, the Atlas Mud Company, in Oklahoma City.

CHARLES SPRAGUE, Southern Methodist

A track star and captain of the Mustangs, he went on to the University of Texas school of medicine, then served in the Navy with the amphibious forces and at the naval hospital in Corona, Calif. Long recognized as an authority in the field of hematology, he is now dean of Tulane University's School of Medicine.

HERMAN L. WEISS, Case Institute

A scholarship winner for four years and a student assistant in civil engineering, he played both football and baseball. He joined General Electric soon after leaving school and served as G.E.'s war production board adviser. He is now a vice-president in charge of G.E.'s consumer products division.

END

JUDGES FOR THE 1963 SILVER ANNIVERSARY AWARDS

EARL H. BLANK, former Dartmouth and Army football coach; chairman, executive committee, Avco Corp., New York City.

W. L. LYONS BROWN, breeder of short-horn cattle; chairman, Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville.

AUSTIN T. CUSHMAN, once a 40¢-a-hour salesman with Sears; now chairman, Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago.

E. ROLAND HARRIMAN, chairman, American Red Cross; partner, Brown Brothers Harriman & Co., New York City.

DR. LELAND J. HAWORTH, physicist; member of AEC and director, National Science Foundation, Washington.

LEE A. IACOCOA, vice-president of Ford Motor Co. and general manager of its Ford Division in Dearborn, Mich.

MILLS B. LAKE JR., member, Young Presidents' Organization; president, Citizens and Southern National Bank, Atlanta.

DAVID PACKARD, former head trustee at Stanford; president, Hewlett-Packard Co., Palo Alto, Calif.

WILLIAM W. SCRANTON, former USAAF captain and Republican Congressman; governor of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa.

H. BARDNER SYMONDS, vice-chairman, Industrial Conference Board; chairman, Tennessee Gas Transmission Co., Houston.

DR. HENRY PITNEY VAN OUSEN, apothecologist; president emeritus, Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

LESLIE B. WORTHINGTON, trustee of Illinois and Pittsburgh universities; president, U.S. Steel Corp., Pittsburgh.

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Bench jockeys who can also ride

Wise money figured Green Bay was out when Bart Starr got clobbered. The wise money figured wrong.

Pro football fans generally agree that if a contending team loses its No. 1 quarterback, the rest of the players might as well quit with him.

But this season the Green Bay Packers have twice disproved the axiom—last week when they beat the Pittsburgh Steelers, and the week before when they beat the Baltimore Colts. Both wins came without the help of injured Quarterback Bart Starr. On top of that, Halfback Tom Moore missed the Colt game, and End Ron Kramer left the same game in the second quarter and didn't play at all against the Steelers. Any ordinary team losing three key players would have collapsed in an untidy heap, but the Packers simply pulled on their bench—the strongest and deepest in the league.

John Roach, a tall, gangling quarterback from Southern Methodist University who has watched Starr from the bench for two years, led the club against the Colts with extraordinary poise. He completed nine of 20 passes and could have had at least three more completions if Packer receivers had not dropped well-thrown balls. Replacing Moore was Elijah Pitts, a third-string halfback last year when Hornung was on the team. All Pitts did was gain some 87 yards rushing and win the game for Green Bay in the fourth period with a darting 34-yard touchdown run that broke a 20-20 tie.

Marv Fleming, a 6-foot-4-inch 225-pound rookie end from Utah took over for Kramer, blocked violently and caught three key passes. Roach, Pitts and Fleming could all be starters on some other clubs in the league. But despite their

heroics, the benchmen will return to the sidelines once the first-line players regain their health.

"I don't believe in substitutions," says Packer Coach Vince Lombardi. "I believe in selecting my 22 best football players and leaving them in until they drop. You have to have your best going for you all the time. If a first-string player is humped hard and loses some efficiency, then I'll replace him at once. But as soon as he has recovered, I want him back in the game."

Lombardi was watching the Packers warming up at Milwaukee's County Stadium on the Saturday before the Pittsburgh game last week. Lew Carpenter, a big, graceful man, lined up at tight end as the team whipped briskly through the drill. He ran a precise pattern and caught a pass from Roach. Carpenter epitomizes the Packer bench strength. Although he has never been a starter, he can play as a running back, a flanker back and a tight end. He impersonates the opponent's quarterback when the Packers are working on their defense during practice and does pretty well. He is on the kickoff, kickoff return and punting teams as well.

Someone asked him last week if he would rather play first string in the backfield of another team, which he could very well do, Carpenter shook his head.

"I like it right where I am," he said. "I like being able to do a lot of things. If the man asks me to do something else, I'll do that, too. Some guys, you ask them to learn something new, their first reaction is 'Oh Lord, I'm gonna foul up for sure.' It never occurs to me that I'm going to foul up."

Roach, like Carpenter, has no delusions of grandeur. He has not been restless sitting on the bench, although he was glad to get the chance to start. After his successful debut against the Colts he was asked if he had any aspiration to take over from Starr.

"Look," Roach said, "this club has paid me championship money two years in a row for sitting on the bench. I'm just glad I finally had a chance to do something for the club. I just want the team to win."

Of course, Roach, Fleming, Pitts and Carpenter take up only four seats on the Packer bench. Behind every Packer starter is an exceptionally capable replacement; juggling by Lombardi makes it possible for him to replace almost any player without loss of efficiency.

Backing Jim Taylor at fullback is mus-

continued

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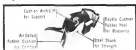
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PRO FOOTBALL continued

save Earl Gros from LSU, now in his second year with the team. Gros is bigger than Taylor—230 pounds to 215—and as fast, but he does not hit with Taylor's authority and, of course, lacks Taylor's experience.

Fleming, who replaced Ron Kramer at tight end, can also play the spread end or flanker back behind Max McGee or Boyd Dowler, and behind Fleming is Bob Jeter, who is probably the fastest of all Packer receivers, but has yet to learn the knack of turning and coming back to catch a pass.

The Packers are as well stocked on defense, too. The only starting rookie is Lionel Aldridge, who plays end, teaming with Veteran Willie Davis to give the Packers two of the quickest ends in the league and two of the most adept at sifting in to punish the opposing quarterback. Should Davis go out, Ron Kostelnik, a 260-pounder in his third year with the Packers, would fill in. Kostelnik has been groomed to move into the defensive line at tackle but, with veterans like Henry Jordan and Dave Hanner having good years, he must help stock the bench. Urban Henry, a 265-pound veteran obtained from the Rams, spells Jordan. If Aldridge were injured, Jordan would move out to defensive end, and Henry would play Jordan's tackle.

The Packers' three linebackers would seem irreplaceable, but even here Lombardi has an ace in the hole in his first draft choice this year—Dave Robinson. Robinson is 6 feet 3, weighs 240 and has exceptional speed. "He probably has more range than Currie, Nitschke or Forester," Lombardi says. "But he's not good enough to replace any of them."

Lombardi got insurance for his secondary when he obtained Jerry Norton from the Dallas Cowboys. Norton, who punts for the Packers, is also an experienced safety man who could move into the Packer defensive unit without creating a significant weakness.

On the door to the equipment room in the luxurious Green Bay dressing room (wall-to-wall carpeting) is thumb-tacked a Green Bay jersey with a large No. 5 on the front. Over it is the nameplate from Paul Hornung's locker.

But even if Hornung's suspension is lifted by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle next season, the golden boy may have difficulty regaining the jersey and the locker. Competition is that fierce.

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Exultant Texas football fan Joe Coffman had the weekend of his life—four big games in three days, and the home teams won them all. But his real loves were the Longhorns of Coach Darrell Royal. 'Have to win,' Joe told everybody. 'Too much character'

PHIL MCKENNA





THE DISCIPLES OF ST. DARRELL ON A WILD WEEKEND

by DAN JENKINS

On Friday morning, October 11, a bright, warm Texas day, Elbert Joseph Coffman woke up with a squirrel in his stomach. In his good life as a football fan there had never been a weekend quite like this one. In the next 55 hours he was going to see three college games and one pro game, and the excitement of it, the big-

ness of the games, made him nervous. Nervous but delighted. Football to Joe Coffman, and thousands of other Texans, is as essential as air conditioning. It is what a Texan grows up with, feeds on, worships, follows, plays and, very often, dies with. Joe Coffman, 32, married, father of two boys, businessman, University of Texas graduate, football enthusiast, was either going to live a lot this weekend or die a little.

The first game—SMU against Navy—would be played that evening in the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, just 35 miles away from Joe Coffman's home in Fort Worth. The next day he would go back to the same stadium to see the biggest one of them all, Oklahoma, ranked first in the country, against Texas, ranked second. He would drive to Waco (90 miles south) Saturday night to watch Baylor against Arkansas. And on Sunday he would return to the Cotton Bowl to see the NFL's Dallas Cowboys play the Detroit Lions.

If Joe Coffman's schedule seemed arduous, it was little more so than that of many others in the state. Thousands less fortunate than Coffman in getting tickets to the big games would settle for a game or two on television and radio and perhaps see a couple of high schools play. But Joe Coffman also knew

continued

that there would be more to his weekend than football. He knew that it was going to cost him at least \$200, that he would be running into old friends, that there would be as many parties as kickoffs and that he would probably consume as much beer as might have been served in a London pub on V-J day. But Joe Coffman had been waiting months for this weekend and, as he prepared to leave home for his office at the business he owns, Terrell (medical and surgical) Supply Co., Inc., near downtown Fort Worth, the only thing that concerned him was whether everybody was as ready as he was. Everybody included Joe's wife, Mary Sue, another couple, Pat and Cecil A. Morgan Jr. (he is a stockbroker for Rauscher, Pierce and Co., Inc. and a former University of Texas basketball star); and the Coffmans' baby-sitter. "I'll tell you one thing, Mary Sue," said Joe. "We got to be suited up and ready to go by 5 o'clock. We're gonna be in Dallas by 6 or I'm gonna raise more hell than the alligators did when the pond went dry."

Joe Coffman is a modern Texan. This means that Mary Sue is a pretty, loving and understanding wife, that his sons Bobby, 6, and Larry, 4, are healthy and happy, that his

business is successful (four other branches in Austin, San Antonio, Lubbock and Amarillo), that his ranch-type home is comfortable, with all of the built-ins manufacturers sell these days, that he has a 1963 Oldsmobile Starfire and a 1962 Impala (both convertibles), that his close friends are mostly the ones he grew up with or knew in high school and college. Being a modern Texan also means that Joe Coffman might not recognize a cow pony if it were tied on a leash in his backyard, that he despises Stetson hats, that he likes cashmere sport coats, pin-collar shirts, Las Vegas, playing golf at Colonial Country Club, Barbra Streisand ("Think she can't sing?"), good food, good booze, Barry Goldwater and, more than anything else, the Texas Longhorns. And does he like those Longhorns?

"They got too much character to lose that game," Joe said about Texas as he browsed through the mail on his desk at the office, drank some coffee and talked on the phone. Like any loyal Longhorn, his preoccupation with the OU game was all-consuming. The other games, they were good ones, Joe Coffman felt, but his good health, he said, his well-being and welfare would be riding with the Longhorns. It was not a very good day for work.

"I got to think a Bloody Mary's the answer," he said, heading out to Colonial Country Club. There would be friends there, talking football, "getting down" (making bets), and the time would pass more quickly through the endless football arguments that take place in Colonial's 19th hole the day before the games.

"Hey, Coffman," someone called as Joe entered Colonial and headed toward a table. "What are the Sooners gonna do to those T-sippers?" Joe Coffman removed his sunglasses, postured with his fist raised like Mussolini and said, "We're gonna send those Okies back across the Red River, boys." He greeted a table of friends, ordered drinks and replied to every argument about the strength of Oklahoma's team with his message of the week:

"Have to win, boys. Too much character. We got too much character to lose that game." Several Bloody Marys later, Joe Coffman had got through the day. Now the long, exhausting—and utterly perfect—weekend began.

It is roughly 35 miles, or 25 minutes, by way of the toll road from Fort Worth to Dallas. The first stop on Friday night for Mary Sue and Joe Coffman and Pat and Cecil Morgan was Gordo's. Gordo's is to Dallas what the Cafe Select is to The San Antonio River. It is a tiny beer-pizza-steak-sandwich parlor across from the SMU campus. Through its portals stroll many of Dallas' prettiest girls, its brownest athletes, its newspaper columnists, flacks, poets, politicians and anyone, in fact, who is in enough to know about the place or who likes the world's best pizza or steak sandwich or who wants Gordon West, the owner, to cash a personal check.

The dilemma of the visitor to Gordo's is what to eat. "I got to have a steak sandwich and a cheeseburger between two pizzas," said Joe. "It's all so good, I can't stand it."

Mary Sue, a small blonde who went two years to SMU



Big Tex beams over Joe's party (from 1961) as Thompson shops.

and then graduated from Texas, suggested that whatever they were to have they have it quickly, because the traffic to the Cotton Bowl for the SMU-Navy game was going to be pretty brutal.

"I hope SMU does good," she said. "Do they have a chance to beat Navy, Joe?"

"Flattop Fry, boys," said Joe in his scuphrical voice, as if he had been asked to answer the entire room.

"Old Flattop," said Cecil Morgan. It was Joe and Cecil's private way of making fun of SMU's crew-cut Coach Hayden Fry, who somehow acquired that nickname from them. Coffman and Morgan, given time, can make fun of every coach in the country—except Texas' Darrell Royal.

"Can they, Joe?" Mary Sue asked.

"Hell, yes," said Joe. "They haven't got any athletes, but they'll get after 'em. Like to see it. Be the start of an upset weekend, boys. The one we gotta have is tomorrow, though. Got to send 'em back across the Red River." Joe ordered another beer. And another. And one more.

"We better move out," Cecil Morgan said presently. "They're gonna hang us up in that state fair traffic."

"Yawl want paper cups?" Gordo asked, thoughtfully.

"I 'magine," said Joe. "Take that pizza with you, Mary Sue. Grab that beer, Cecil. We got to go see the Red Helmets play the Navys."

"Old Flattop," said Cecil.

There is no easy way to reach the Cotton Bowl in Dallas except to be dropped into it by helicopter. The stadium sits squarely in the middle of the Texas State Fairgrounds, and all roads lead in confusion from downtown Dallas about two miles away. This week the fair was in full swing. Indeed, that was the reason for three games in three days. It was almost as though somebody said, "There's no use bringin' 'em in from halfway 'cross the state for one li'l 'ol extravaganza." Complaining about the traffic and the parking at the Cotton Bowl is one of Dallas' favorite pastimes. It is not so amusing when one wants to make a kickoff.

Behind the wheel of his Starfire, Joe Coffman sighed, "Man, man. Only stadium in the whole world where you have to get here on Wednesday to make a Friday night game."

Mary Sue said, "I can't believe all these cars are going to the SMU game."

"They aren't," said Cecil. "They're goin' to buy balloons. I'll guarantee you, there's seven million people out here tonight to buy balloons."

"Main thing they're doin'," said Joe, "is driving in front of me."

By the time they had reached a parking place inside the state fairgrounds and trudged through the dust of the carnival midway, with only one beer stop, and then reached their seats, the game was five minutes old.

"Look at that!" Joe said, pointing at the SMU bench. "Flattop Fry don't know how many players he can send in or take out. He just sends in 10 men every time."

"St. Darrell knows the rules," said Cecil.

"I 'magine," said Joe.

As the SMU-Navy game wore on, it became clear that SMU was in no mood to lose as easily as the odds (13 points) had suggested. In fact, by the start of the fourth quarter Joe and Cecil had become enraptured with SMU's blazing-fast sophomore, Tailback John Roderick, whose running was exciting them more than the passing of Navy's Roger Staubach. Although there merely as impartial observers, saving their enthusiasm for the Longhorns, Joe and Cecil could not resist blending themselves into the madness of the occasion as SMU won rather miraculously 32-28. The wives, Mary Sue and Pat, might have enjoyed it more if they had not been so fascinated by the conversation of an elderly Dallas lady in front of them, who kept talking to a friend about the "common people from Fort Worth."

Once Mary Sue giggled to Joe, "You can't believe what this woman is saying. She's saying that no saleswoman in Dallas will wait on Fort Worth people because they come over here without hats or gloves on. Just common as can be," she said. "Joe roared. He leaned down the aisle and repeated it to Cecil. Cecil roared. It gave them a theme for the weekend, and some exit lines from the stadium.

"Naw," said Cecil, "we jest gonna git our common little ol' wives and go git drunked up on thet ol' beer."

"Good Lord, Cecil," said Pat. "You sound country enough without talking that way."

"Hell, we jest common," Joe laughed. He looked at Cecil. "You 'bout half country, ain't you, boy?"

They were badly in need of a beer.

"It'd be gooder'n snuff," said Cecil as Pat frowned, and they walked to the parking lot.

The Friday night before the annual Texas-OU game is a night that Dallas must brace for all year long.

Even without another football game to further overcrowd the city, which considers itself a cultural oasis in a vast wilderness of oil workers' helmets and Levi's, the downtown area is declared off limits by every sane person, cultured or not. Throngs of students and fans gather in the streets, whisky bottles sail out of hotel windows, automobiles jam and collide and the sound of sirens furnishes eerie background music to the unstill night. Joe Coffman skillfully managed to commit his group to a post-SMU-game party (or pre-Texas-OU-game party) in the cultural suburbs, where the status symbols are a lawn of St. Augustine grass and a full-growing mimosa tree.

"Joe, are all of these funny people really going to be there?" Mary Sue asked as they drove out the Central Expressway.

"Honey, I got no idea. All I know is, they said come on out and they'd give a man a drink. And I know a man who really wants one."

"What's the name of the apartments?" Pat asked.

continued

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TEXAS WEEKEND *continued*

"I got the address," said Joe. "That's all. It's one of those Miami-Las Vegas names. Every apartment in Dallas, I'll guarantee you, sounds like a Polynesian drink. The Sand and Sea, or the Ski-Sky-You, or something."

"I think it's The Antigua," said Cecil. "Well," said Joe, "that figures."

Through the night the party was both visible and audible before Joe parked the car. People were standing on the lawn, sitting on the steps of other apartment units or gathered around a clump of trees. The door was open. A Ray Charles twist record poured out. Inside there was a curious mixture of "steward," as Joe described the girls, along with SMU fans, Texas fans, Oklahoma fans, Dallas Cowboy fans, Dallas Cowboys, bartenders, musicians, entertainers from the city's private clubs, models and artists.

Joe observed the crowd and turned to Cecil and said, "Go anywhere, do anything." And they inched toward the bar.

Joe saw a man he had been with in the Army. Mary Sue saw a girl friend she was supposed to have met at the game. Cecil calmly studied the wall. On it were a Columbia pennant, a bizarre unidentified animal's head with a sign hanging around it that read, "Joe Don Looney," a bullfight poster and a hand-

drawn sign that proclaimed, "If the Lord Didn't Want Man to Drink, He Wouldn't Have Gave Him a Mouth." In the bathroom hung a replica of the Mona Lisa. Joe saw an old fraternity buddy from Austin, an SAE. "Sex Above Everything," said Joe, shaking hands. Somebody said Henny Youngman had been there but left because nobody wanted to talk to him. Somebody said strippers were coming over from The Carousel club. A man who kept introducing himself as "Sandy Winfield" and "Troy Donahue" said it had not turned out to be a bad party, considering he had not called anyone. No one ever found out who lived in the apartment.

Joe Coffman was making coffee at home by 7 a.m. Saturday morning on four hours' sleep. He stared blankly at the Fort Worth morning *Star-Telegram*, which had the starting lineups for the Texas-OU game, and said, half to his sons and half to the western world, "They outweigh us, but we got too much character." By 9 o'clock he was dressed and ready, except for his lucky cuff links. "Tell you one thing, honey," he said. "If I can't find my cuff links, there's gonna be more hell raised than there are Chinamen." Mary Sue went to a drawer



In a gaggle of wives and smart Dallas friends, the still-chipper Joe is life of first night's party.

and got them. "You just won the game," said Joe.

Everything moved briskly now. Joe took the 6-year-old, Bobby, to a party, and arranged for him to get home. Cecil called and said he was on the way with the car already gassed up and the beer iced down. Joe told him the sitter was due about the same time. It was Eva Mae, he said. "All I know is, she's the head pie lady at Paschal High. Bakes 20 to 30 a day." They hung up, laughing. The two couples were on the road at 10 a.m.

Cecil was plugging along nicely on the toll road when Pat reminded him that he was going 80 mph. The speed limit is 70.

"Can't get there too soon," said Joe. "Got to go hear Hank Thompson. He's always singing on the fairgrounds at noon."

"Yeah," said Cecil. "That's about like you common people from Fort Worth. You lack them lullibilly singers."

Said Joe. "Can't beat it. Drink beer, listen to old Hank and then warp the Okies. Perfect day. I had to have about \$50 worth of that 5½ points."

"Did you bet, Joe?" said Mary Sue in a concerned voice.

"I imagine."

Mary Sue looked out of the window. "We're gonna warp 'em," said Joe. "Guarantee you St. Darrell's gonna drown 'em. Too much character. I don't care who they got, Joe Don Looney, Jimmy Jack Drunk, Anybody. They don't have Scott Appleton. They don't have Tommy Ford or Mr. Duke Carlisle," he said, referring to Texas' finest players. Appleton, the brilliant tackle; Ford, the swift, chunky tailback; and Carlisle, the resourceful quarterback who prefers to run rather than pass.

Mary Sue and Pat opened the beer, and Joe and Cecil sang a parody on a hill-billy tune: *I don't care 'bout my gas and oil, Long as I got my Dare-e-all Royal, Mounted on the dashboard o' my car.*

They sang it several dozen times until the Cotton Bowl traffic slowed Cecil to a creep along Grand Avenue, one of the main entrance streets. "Joe, baby," Cecil said, "we're gonna have to sell the car, 'cause we got no place to park it."

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TEXAS WEEKEND...

"Keep goin'. We're gonna get in a lot right up here."

"No chance," said Cecil, observing maybe 5,000 parked cars.

"Go on," Joe said. "I'm gonna show you how to ease right on in. Keep goin'. Keep goin'."

Joe said, "Right there! That lot right on the corner, just across from the main entrance. Right there, Cecil, where it says, 'Full House.'"

Cecil turned in amid the frenzied waving and shouting of parking-lot at-



As the family is not in the family, not in the family

tendants, but Joe leaned out of the window and hollered, "I got a five and a cold beer, podna, if you'll let us in."

Parking was no problem.

The Texas State Fairgrounds on the day of the Oklahoma game are no more crowded than the recreation deck of any ordinary troopship. The ground seems to sag from the weight of hundreds having picnics. "Fried chicken, boys," said Joe, pushing along a walkway and observing the people sprawled on the lawn. "Two necks and a back and a piece of cold bread."

"And some black French fries," added Cecil. "Best meal they ever had. Boy, it's fun."

They stopped and bought six beers, two extra, and finally the voice of Hank Thompson greeted them as they came near Big Tex, the giant cowboy statue

that is emblematic of the fair and would make fine kindling wood. Hank Thompson was singing a familiar hillbilly ballad that went, "We got time for one more drink and a . . . six-pack to go," Joe and Cecil whinoped.

By prearrangement, the Coffmans and Morgans had planned to meet Joe's sister, Shirley, and his brother-in-law, David Alter, to straighten out the ticket situation. Joe had decided that Mary Sue and Shirley would sit in the end zone while he and David would take

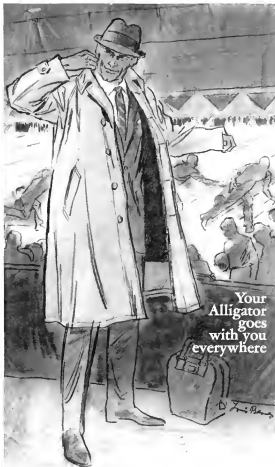


gives Cecil ticket on highway to Waco

the two seats on the 50-yard line. Joe thought that seemed fair enough, and no back talk. Cecil and Pat had their own tickets. The Alters arrived, and Joe acknowledged them with, "Too much character, boys. We got too much character to lose that game." Several beers and Hank Thompson songs later, they were moving into the Cotton Bowl, again singing, *I don't care 'bout my girl and all, Long as I got my Dure-e-all Royal, Mounted on the dashboard o' my car.*

The Texas-Oklahoma game is one of the maddest spectacles of sport. This was the 18th consecutive sellout of the series, with 75,504 seats of the stadium crisscrossed with the thickest, most enthusiastic partisans in football, evenly divided between Texans and Oklahomans. Regardless of the team records,

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TEXAS WEEKEND *continued*

the excitement is there each year, the game matches state against state, school against school, fraternity against fraternity, oil derrick against oil derrick. Some rooters become so emotional that they can see only black on the other side of the field. One who did this year was Fullback Harold Philipp of Texas. Before the game, talking about the Texas boys playing on the Oklahoma team, he said: "Why that's just like somebody from the United States playing for Nazi Germany." During the game an immense roar wafts up from the stadium on every play, and the two large bands play *Boomer Sooner*, the Oklahoma fight song, and *Texas Fight*, the Longhorns' song, an innumerable number of times, always to the accompaniment of a cheering, jeering mob of singers. Occasionally fights break out in the stands.

The game did not provide any opportunities for Joe Coffman to fight, or even to offuscate or complain. Texas was better than even he had expected, and simply swept Oklahoma away, winning 28-7. Joe still managed several excuses for leaping cries of, "Hook 'em Horns," but mainly he occupied himself with pointing out to David Alter some of the more subtle, polished tactics of Darrell Royal's second- and third-teamers. Every time Oklahoma's Jim Grisham, a superb fullback from Olney, Texas, carried the ball, Joe hollered, "Get that turnout!" And when an OU fan near him would yell encouragement to the Sooners, Joe would quietly remark to his brother-in-law, "Jimmy Jack *Drunk* back there thinks he's still got a chance to win."

Later, in the usual postgame playing of *The Eyes of Texas* by the Longhorn band down on the field, Joe stood silently proud, pleased and even touched that his team had been so great on the big day. "That song chokes me up every time," he said, forcing a grin. "Man, Dare-e-ull had 'em hot today. You know what Joe Don Looney got? Mr. Scott Appleton gave him zip. Shut him out."

Joyful cries of "Hook 'em Horns" were billowing out of the apartment in north Dallas, the good side of town, or rather, the *oufy* side, when the

Coffmans, Morgans and Alters got there. Unlike the party the night before, this one was strictly for Longhorns. Platters of ham and turkey were laid out on a table. A bartender in the kitchen was mixing drinks and opening beers as fast as possible. Wives and girl friends congregated on the sofas. The men pushed into the kitchen and spilled out onto a balcony, drinks lifted, in a continuous toast to Dare-e-ull Royal and Scott Appleton and Duke Carlisle and Tommy Ford and to the memory of college days at Austin. "Hey, Cecil," called Joe. "Just got the score. Florida beat Alabama!"

Cecil slumped back in a chair, laughed heartily, and said, "All I know is, Texas is No. 1, 2, 3 and 4."

After a while, Mary Sue quietly asked Joe if, in the light of the Texas victory, he still intended to drive to Waco for the Baylor-Arkansas game.

"They're still playin', aren't they?" said Joe.

"Well, we'd better do something about dinner," said Mary Sue.

"Get after that turkey and ham," Joe nodded. "Tell you what. Make up some sandwiches and grab six or eight beers out of the icebox and we're gone."

Waco, Texas, is noted for only two things. One is that it is the home of Baylor University. The other is that Waco, from time to time, has tornadoes. From Dallas it is about one hour and 20 minutes across the flat north central Texas farmland and, since the Baylor-Arkansas game was mercifully scheduled for 8 p.m., the Coffmans and Morgans should have had plenty of time to make the kickoff. But they overstayed the Texas celebration party, and Cecil was moving along too briskly on Highway 77 when the flashing red spotlight on a Texas highway patrol car encouraged him to pull over.

"It's the fuzz," Joe said. "No bad mouth now, Cecil. Don't give him any lip. Just 'Yes sir, Officer, don't hat me no more,' or he'll take us to the Waco-hachie jail and nobody'll ever hear from us again."

Cecil Morgan put up a strong argument, but the patrolmen decided that

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he probably ought to have a speeding ticket for \$20.50, payable by mail. Cecil had, after all, been driving 75 mph in a 55-mph zone.

Joe Coffman writhed in the backseat. "Don't mind the money, just hate to miss the kickoff," he said.

They missed the whole first quarter, as it turned out. It was just as well. Although Baylor's passing wizard, Don Trull, and its excellent receiver, Lawrence Elkins, staged a wonderful exhibition, the Coffmans and Morgans could not have cared less. They were rooting for Baylor to upset the Razorbacks, which they did 14-10, but the Texas-OU game had drained them of all enthusiasm. "I'd feel O.K.," said Joe, "if I didn't have dust in my hair, dirt in my nose and sores in my mouth."

The group laughed faintly. Mary Sue and Pat yawned as Don Trull completed a 53-yard pass to Elkins that brought 40,000 other people to their feet. Cecil and Joe pondered quietly the ability of Arkansas to defeat Texas. "No way," Joe decided, sleepily.

"Baylor's sure a swell place," Cecil said, sarcastically. "I saw one of their biggest and oldest fans a while ago, and he's sitting on the goal line. Can you imagine that? The man can't get better seats than that. No wonder they can't win a championship."

They all yawned again, and soon the game ended. Cecil said he "might could manage" to drive home. Joe said he would pay \$100 if Baylor would let him sleep all night in the parking lot.

"Shame to be this close to Austin and not go," Joe said. "Cecil, what would you give for some crispy, chewy tacos at El Rancho right now? You think El Rancho's *chili con queso* sounds good? Good Lord!"

The ritual of a football fan, the *real* football fan, in Dallas on Sunday is to attend the Cowboy Club, both before and after the NFL games in the Cotton Bowl. Texas being a dry state (many blame the Baptists and some Texans therefore blame Baylor), the owners of the Cowboys long ago took the precaution of seeing to it that their

continued

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TEXAS WEEKEND *continued*

loyal fans (those who buy memberships) can get a "mixed" drink and something to eat at the club on the state fairgrounds. During the fair and the big football weekend, however, so many people were in town that the club had to move from air-conditioned indoor quarters to a tent just outside of the Cotton Bowl. It was still the place to be on a lazy Sunday that dawned as clear and warm and calm as Friday and Saturday had been. The Cowboys had not won a game and had lost four, but Joe Coffman kept telling people that they were a clinch to beat the Lions. "It's a sure thing," he said to Bedford Wynne, part owner, along with Clint Murchison Jr. of the Cowboys. "It's an upset weekend, boys. It just figures."

"Hell, I'm startin' to get nervous, now that you told me that," said Bedford. When a college game has been played in Dallas the day before, the Cowboy Club serves another purpose. It is sort of a hangover haven. Bloody Marys out-sell any other drink, 20 to 1, and frequently spectators bring their own Bloody Marys in giant thermoses. Since Bedford Wynne, like Joe and Cecil, is one of the most ardent Texas fans in captivity, the Cowboy Club is also a haven for University of Texas fans.

From table to table, the talk was all about the "Horns and that terrific thing they did to Oklahoma Saturday." Mary Sue and Pat sat with a long table of women, discussing the other women across the tent. Joe and Cecil stood, table-hopped, drank, laughed and finally ate two barbecue sandwiches.

"You think the eyeballing ain't something in this place," said Joe, looking around at the women, who, even though going to the game, were dressed as fashionably as if they had just stepped out of Neiman-Marcus. "Got to be headquarters for world champion pretty," he said. "Can't wait for the game to be over so we can come back."

As Joe Coffman had said, it was the Cowboys' day to win. The game lulled along for three quarters, but finally exploded into an offensive spectacular in the fourth quarter, with the Cowboys winning a close one, 17-14.

The crowd was sparse. "Had to be a



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Going home at last, Mary Sue and Joe struggle nearly in back of Cecil Morgan's car.

guts-up fan to make this one on top of all the others," said Joe, moodily. "I got to think the crowd's bigger in the Cowboy Club—if they're still serving booze."

Mostly at the insistence of the wives, Mary Sue and Pat, there was yet to be one more stop for them all before the weekend would stagger to a halt. Mary Sue and Pat noted, without an excess of enthusiasm, that they had not eaten a hot meal in two days. The Becfeater Inn would be nice, said Mary Sue, and it was seldom crowded on a Sunday evening.

"Got to have it," Joe said pleasantly. "Steak, asparagus, coffee and cognac. Got to have it right now." They were there in 20 minutes.

It was a quiet evening, spent mostly in reflection on the four games, and all the people they had seen and in forgetting how much each had drunk. "Guarantee you," Joe said, "we saw everybody but Nasty Jack Kilpatrick."

"Who?" Pat Morgan asked.

"Nasty Jack Kilpatrick," Coffman laughed. "Toughest man I ever knew. Hitchhiked all the way from Miami to Austin one time with nothing but an old toothbrush and a Johnnie Ray rec-

ord of *Cry*. Think he wasn't tough?"

In the fatigued after-dinner silence Mary Sue thought it would be a good idea if Joe called Fort Worth long distance to check up on the children.

"Why don't you call, Honey?" Joe asked.

"Please call, Joe," she said.

"Go on, Honey," said Joe.

"You can do it quicker, Joe," Mary Sue said, pleadingly.

Joe Coffman frowned, shoved himself away from the cognac and coffee with a groan.

Walking off, he turned and said, "One thing, Mary Sue. You just lost yourself a fistful of dimes." A little less than two hours later, tired but full, aching but pleased, oversmoked, overlaughed, dusty-weary but all-victorious, they were home. All four teams had won, all four people had survived.

"Don't forget," said Joe, as he left Cecil and Pat, "we got to get away from here early Friday."

Pat said, "Are we really going to Little Rock for Texas-Arkansas?"

Joe Coffman looked offended. "They're playin', aren't they?"

END



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



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YESTERDAY

The Fix That Failed

It was only a meaningless touch-tackle game in Caldwell, Idaho, but a gambler had a scheme to make money on it by ROBERT FROMAN

Whenever I read of professional football or college basketball players getting into trouble as a result of association with gamblers, I am reminded of the time when I was 11 years old and accepted a gambler's bribe. The results were quite pleasant as far as I was concerned and not the least unpleasant for anyone else, with the possible exception of the gambler. That was in the 1920s, when I was growing up and peddling papers in Caldwell, Idaho.

Unlike today's youngsters, whose playing fields usually seem to be engulfed by hordes of parents and others old enough to know better, my fellow paper boys and I seldom had much truck with adults except as customers. Our feelings about adults were epitomized by our mispronunciation of the very word. We called them "adults." How this misnaming became current among us I

never knew, but it was years before I realized that it was incorrect. It sounded to us quite natural, because it seemed related to the word altitude and thus a reference to their obvious edge over us in height. We could not deny that they held that advantage, along with many others, but we saw none of those advantages as reasons for our surrender.

The kinds of adult influences that occasionally did get through to us were able to do so only because most of the time we were spared supervision and thus could take a healthy interest in the old folks. Around the business district we were accepted as part of the scenery and observed people being themselves, not good examples. This was instructive. It did, however, mean that an adult who really fascinated us and knew how to take advantage of this could use us for his own ends. Or try to. I do not think

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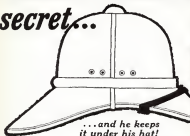


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The Fix That Failed *continued*

anyone ever fully succeeded in such an enterprise. The one who came closest may have been the gambler who took an interest in our version of touch football.

The Kennedy family's enthusiasm for this game, together with its popularity among young suburban fathers who have not given up the struggle to keep their stomachs flat, has made it respectable. This development would have seemed unlikely to us had we ever contemplated it. Although we were under



the impression that our version of the game was our invention, we had little respect for it. The reason we adopted it was that our usual place for playing was the street in front of the creamery. As far as traffic was concerned, this was all right; the creamery truck might pass once or twice in an afternoon, but the only other likely vehicles were occasional horse-drawn wagons and buggies. The drawback was that the unpaved, deeply rutted roadway was strewn with rocks that frequently rent the clothing, and occasionally the hides, of the players. This made the game more efficacious as

a test of manhood, but we were able to persuade ourselves that loud parental objections to the incidence of holes in pants and skins made it necessary for us to abandon what we called tackle.

Our version of touch had none of the sophisticated rules I recently have encountered, such as that the touch must be made with both hands or on some specific part of the ballcarrier's anatomy. You could touch him anywhere, and with either hand or with a foot if that was more convenient. Since we never had anything in the way of an official, it was important to touch hard, so that the other side could not argue that you had missed. This led to the ballcarrier's objecting sometimes that he had not been touched but slugged. He might attempt to avenge himself immediately or wait until he caught the slugger with the ball. There were a few name-calling matches and one or two brief but noisy exchanges of blows nearly every time we played the game.

It was unusual for adults to stop and watch us play, but on one occasion we had four onlookers in attendance two days in a row. They were habitués of a pool hall a block up the street—or rather, three of them were regular patrons of the pool hall, the fourth being a stranger to us—and we were flattered by their interest. That particular pool hall was especially dingy and dangerous-looking. I often wandered through it trying to sell papers, though seldom with any luck, and always felt a bit daring in doing so, because of the stench of stale home brew and tobacco smoke and the intensity of the card players huddled over the two or three tables in the rear.

The first afternoon that audience of four was on hand my friend, Heber, and I were in good form. We two had played together since infancy and had started selling papers at the same time, and with time out for occasional periods of feuding we were best friends. Like most games of touch football ours leaned heavily on passing plays. Heber, a good passer at any time, was at his best that day, and I was doing unusually well as his principal receiver. I was not greatly surprised when the fourth member of the group of spectators, the stranger, stopped me later as I was peddling through an alley with my papers and complimented me on my pass catching. When he went on to offer me a dollar for the rest of

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The Fix That Failed *continued*

my papers—four times their value—if I would do him a favor, I hastened to agree. The favor was that I should undertake to drop every pass thrown to me the next afternoon. He explained that he was playing a joke on his friends, that it was also important that I say nothing to anyone about our conversation and that if all went well he would meet me again the following afternoon and again buy all my papers for four times their value.

I had never heard of a fix and felt not the faintest compunction about agreeing to all he proposed. I rushed right off with that dollar—a huge sum—to the best soda fountain in town and ordered a banana split, the most splendid luxury I could conceive of. As I was about to plunge into it Heber entered, took the stool next to mine and ordered one of the same. We both guessed that we shared the same source of bounty, smiled knowingly at each other but, true to our pledges, said not a word.

At the game the next day we worked hard to fulfill our bargains. Heber failed to hit a receiver, and I caught not a pass. We were proud of the way we had delivered, and when the game ended we asked our benefactor whether we had done all right. To our amazement one of his companions chased me halfway around the creamery calling me names and threatening to beat the daylight out of me when he caught me. He soon abandoned pursuit of me to join the other men, who were moving off up the street in noisy dispute.

Neither Heber nor I fully understood what had happened until years later when we learned about fixes, but we grasped that money was involved. The affair was a demonstration of the tendency adults had to outsmart themselves in their dealings with us. Although we never saw the stranger again, it is less likely that his companions ran him out of town than that they laughed him out. He could not have reaped any profit from his fix. His bribes were based on the assumption that Heber and I always played on the same side. Instead, we chose sides every afternoon on our way to the creamery from school. That afternoon Heber and I, chiefly because we had played so well the day before, were delegated to do the choosing and lead the opposing teams. As a result of our hard-working had play the game ended in a scoreless tie.

END

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

GODD HUNTING

Sirs:

As a deer hunter and a "retired" professional forester, I would like to express my appreciation of Charles W. Thayer's fine article (*A More Sensible Way to Hunt*, Oct. 28). To those of us who see public hunting and fishing as we used to know it being ruined by reasons of poaching, game-habitat destruction or both, the 11th hour has come. The situation with regard to Vermont deer hunting is a case in point. In other states things are no doubt much worse.

As this writing Vermont deer hunting suffers from three things: politics, the buck law (only one buck per hunter, no does) and general public ignorance of the facts of deer hunting and deer survival.

In 1962 our excellent Omenas Game Laws were passed, transferring complete control of all fish and game matters to the fish and game department. At the last minute, however, the little matter of control of the deer herd was eliminated and the lawmakers turned back to the old idea of politics as usual. Last year a most beneficial one-day doe law was repealed. Before the repeal, we did manage to kill a few thousand does but, as usual, the herd went into the winter woollen in numbers far beyond the carrying capacity of the winter range.

Under natural conditions in remote country (e.g. northern Maine), the best and heaviest bucks get the does, and small, weak, sickly bucks are driven out of the doe area during the rut. The vital proportion of healthy bucks and does is maintained and the deer get heavier and more plentiful. Maine's more sensible law allows two deer of either sex per hunter. The longer hunting season permits both deer and hunters to spread out. It makes for better sport and a better chance for the finest bucks to reach inaccessible country and survive to maintain a strong herd.

But in Vermont, unless the present proportion of something like 20 does per buck can be corrected by heavier shooting of antlerless deer, the herd will continue to grow larger and weaker and the days of our old, good deer hunting will be numbered. The present 14-day season concentrates thousands of hunters for three weekends on relatively few acres of wild land nearest the highways. It is a nightmare for both hunter and landowner. A 45-day season on both does and bucks would be desirable. It would benefit the hunter, the landowner and the deer herd alike.



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Proper deer herd management begins with heavy shooting—the only practical method available at present that will improve deer feeding areas on large acreages of land. Intensive land management has solved the problem of bigger crops from less and less acreage of farm lands. Wild lands, too, will require the same scientific management if public deer hunting is not to follow the road already traveled by the buffalo hunters: a road to nowhere.

GEORGE B. GORDON

Jamaica, Vt.

PUNCHES AND PLUMS

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle hit the nail on the head when he stated that political appointees to the boxing commissions are killing the fight game (*This Double Must Kill Boxer*, Oct. 28). Boxing is a highly technical business. Why governors put greenhorns in these jobs never has been answered. Meanwhile boxing suffers. It can't take much more. Believe me.

FRED J. SADDY

Milwaukee

Sirs:

You say, "We are usually the last to have anything to say in favor of governmental interference with sports, but..." (*Scorecard*, Oct. 28). Then you go on to say you favor a strong federal commissioner of boxing. Appointing a federal commissioner of boxing would solve only one type of problem: the quest for another political plum to pay off services rendered. Sure, the first commissioner would be a Jack Dempsey, but once the position was established it would become just another political-patronage source. The idea of federal bureaucrats running boxing instead of state bureaucrats simply means the corruption would be on a higher scale.

Boxing is a business and should be run as one, with no government interference—state or federal. I think a privately run commission along the lines of the National and American football leagues could handle the present situation efficiently, using the imagination and ingenuity of the private-enterprise system.

JOHN HOCK

New Britain, Pa.

LET 'EM EAT RADIO

Sirs:

I cannot understand your position in pushing for pay TV (*Scorecard*, Oct. 28). Walter O'Malley's plan of putting Dodger games on pay TV sounds innocent enough, but if it proves profitable the idea will spread to other baseball teams. Pretty soon there won't be any baseball on regular TV. The next step is obvious—the World Series on pay TV only. Much the same could happen with football and basketball.

You speak of the Constitution and the right of private businessmen to do with their

continued

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10TH HOLE *columned*

product as they see fit. I think you are overlooking the fact that the public as consumers have some property rights too.

Millions of dollars have been invested by millions of individuals in television receivers. These investments were made with the idea of receiving the type of programming in existence when the purchase was made—including many sports attractions. If a significant block of programs should be transferred from free TV to pay TV, it would lower the value of the investment represented by the TV set, through no fault of the investor. This smacks of the public-be-damned attitude of the last century.

MRS. LISSER

Pacoma, Calif.

Sirs:

Do you actually mean, "What the Constitution says about private property is that a man can do with it what he pleases"?

Under your philosophy we should never have had police departments to insure order, child labor and poor wages should abound and the average property owner who opted could start garbage disposal in his backyard.

Private-property rights are and must be conditioned by the just rights of others and always will be in our country, and the Constitution says no such thing to the contrary.

What Walter O'Malley considers doing, however, is no infringement upon anyone's rights, as you point out. You are right for the wrong reasons.

THE REV. JOSEPH P. SCHLER

Shreveport, La.

DESIRED?

Sirs:

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw that you had picked Cincinnati over Boston in the NBA (*Scouting Reports*, Oct. 28). The line that really shocked me was, "The Celtics will need depth for their fight with the Royals." Now, what more depth do you want, with Haywood, Naults, Lescurtiff, Ramsey, Lovellette and McCarthy on the bench, plus the strong starting team of Heinsohn, Sanders, Russell, Sam Jones and K. C. Jones? Cincinnati's Lucas is a very good young player, but how can one man add to Robertson and Co. possibly defeat the all-around team effort of the Celtics?

WILLIAM J. SULLIVAN

Groton, Mass.

Sirs:

This year, with the advent of Jerry Lucas, Cincinnati is chosen to dethrone the Boston Celtics.

"The Celtics are a team of destiny. Under the Founding Fathers led by George Washington, a revolutionary nation triumphed and prospered against all odds. The Celtics led by Bob Cousy also crossed the turbu-

lent Delaware, faced tremendous opposition and triumphed. They, too, shall prosper.

JOEL LAWRENCE GOODE

Philadelphia

PENAL CODE

Sirs:

After watching several recent nationally televised football games, it seems to me that penalties have about reached the saturation point. The referee, field judge, etc. simply control the game this year. Time and again, touchdown drives succeed or fail because of what the official sees. These annoyances were particularly evident in the recent West Virginia-Pitt and Notre Dame-Stanford games.

My solution is not to call fewer penalties, since it is assumed that all of the called infractions actually occurred and that the basic purpose of a penalty is to keep the game fair and limit injury. The suggested solution is a change in the penalty system.

I for one feel that 15 yards is too much to assess and unfairly limits a team. Why not borrow from hockey and assess a time penalty against the offending player? Remove him from the game for a set time, for a given number of downs, or for only one down if a relatively minor infraction. A personal foul would receive a longer penalty than holding, for instance. This would accomplish several things. 1) It would point up the guilty player, 2) his removal for a time might allow tempers to cool and perhaps further reduce injury and 3) if the other team then gained 5, 10, 15, 20 yards, it would have at least earned them, and the other team would still have a chance to prevent it.

The five-yard penalties are much too severe and should be reduced to two or three yards—i.e., for offside, illegal motion, delay of game, etc. These are almost always minor offenses, and the penalty should be quite minor.

Perhaps the worst of all is the pass-interference penalty. There seems to be almost unanimous agreement that this is a very difficult call in best. I suggest the penalty should be reduced by half—in other words, give the team with the ball half the distance it would have gained by the pass.

ROBERT F. KIRK, M.D.

Philadelphia

CATHY'S HAL

Sirs:

Please tell John Underwood that we do not think Hal Bedole is a "bun," and never have (*A Very Big Head Getting Smaller*, Oct. 21).

It should go without saying that we would hardly permit our daughter Cathy to go with any young man about whom we felt that way. Quite to the contrary, we are proud and fond of Hal and have tried to encourage him toward getting his education and planning his future career.

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